

THE  
MOTHERS  
SOUVENIR



A

# M O T H E R ' S SOUVENIR.

COMPILED

FROM THE WRITINGS OF SOME OF THE MOST DISTIN-  
GUISHED POETS AND POETESSES OF THE DAY.

BY

MRS. H. W. T. SAYERS,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HER FRIEND,

MRS. CHARITY BARLOW.

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Edited by REV. D. A. PIERCE, of Pittsburgh Conference.

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"Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,  
A crown for the brow of the early dead!  
For this, through its leaves, hath the white rose burst,  
For this, in the woods, was the violet nursed!  
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,  
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!"

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## PREFACE.

A little more than seven years ago, the one placing the following selections before the bereaved of our land, met with a sad affliction from the death of two of her little sons *by fire*. Led by a spirit of resignation, she seeks to "mourn with those that mourn." From time to time the scraps composing this little volume arrested her attention, and from the perusal of which she obtained much of comfort and religious strength.

If there are those sorrowing for the loss of a child, or of any friend dear to their hearts, to whom the "Mother's Souvenir" may impart the same feelings of calmness, joy, and hope, she will feel amply compensated for time and trouble bestowed.

There is something so peculiarly sad in the death of the "little loved ones of home." They fasten themselves in our memory as the ivy clings to the shattered battlement, unwilling to loose their grasp though Time threatens dissolution.

Christ loved them. And when his disciples rebuked those bringing their infants to receive his blessings, he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven!"\*

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\*See page 14 for compiler's account of her own bereavement.—ED.



A

# MOTHER'S SOUVENIR.

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## TO SISTER HARRIET.

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Thy little ones are sleeping  
Among the quiet dead,  
And thou art sadly weeping  
Above their lowly bed.

Thy little ones but tasted  
The cup of pain and woe,  
And then away they hasted  
Where joys unceasing flow.

And now no care nor sorrow  
Shall dim their tearless eyes;  
Their joys wait not the morrow,  
Their bliss shall never die.

Yet still thy night of sadness  
Is cheered by heavenly rays;  
Thy voice, though not of gladness,  
Should be one of praise.

Trust even now in heaven,  
And love thy Saviour still;  
And tho' thy heart is riven,  
Bow to thy Father's will.

Selected by Mrs. S. D. TANNER.

Rest, weary, rest!

Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb,  
Light from above has broken through the gloom;  
Here in the place where once thy Saviour lay,  
Where he shall wake thee, on a future day,  
Like a tired child upon his mother's breast

Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, spirit free!

In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,  
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,  
With all the flock, by the Good Shepherd led  
Beside the streams of life eternal led—  
Forever with thy God and Saviour blest;

Rest, spirit, rest!

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## GONE.

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WHITTIER.

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Another hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given;  
And glows once more with angel-steps  
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile  
Made brighter Summer hours,  
Amid the frosts of Autumn time  
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom  
Forewarned us of decay;  
No shadow from the Silent Land  
Fell 'round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star—  
Clear, suddenly, and still.

Alone unto our Father's will  
One thought hath reconciled;  
That He, whose love exceedeth ours,  
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here  
Distrusted all her powers,  
May welcome to her holier home,  
The well beloved of ours.

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## FOR GRACE.

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For grace, for grace to look beyond life's sorrows,  
To the pure regions of unclouded day—  
To the effulgence of a tearless morrow;  
For grace in deep humility to pray;  
For strength to calmly meet life's varied changes  
With earnest faith, fixed trustingly above,  
And while on earth the wandering footsteps roveth,  
To be preparing for a world of love!

"Is it well with the child? And she answered it is well."—11 Kings, iv, 26.

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"Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "Tis well;"  
But I gazed on the mother who spake,  
For the tremulons tear, as it sprang from its cell,  
Bade a doubt in my bosom awake;  
And I mark'd that the bloom from her features had fled,  
So late in their loveliness rare,  
And the hue of the watcher that bends o'er the dead  
Was gathering in pensiveness there.

"Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "Tis well;"  
I remember'd its beauty and grace,  
When the tones of its laughter did tunefully swell  
In affection's delighted embrace;  
And thro' their long fringe, as it rose from its sleep  
It's eyes beam'd a rapturous ray,  
And I wonder'd that silence should settle so deep,  
O'er the home of a being so gay.

"Is it well with the child?" And she said, "It is well;"  
It hath tasted of sickness and pain—  
Of the pang and the groan, and the gasp it might tell  
It never will suffer again.  
In my dreams, as an angel, it stands by my side,  
In the garments of glory and love;  
And I hear its glad lays to the Saviour that died,  
'Mid the choir of the blessed above.

—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

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### A GEM.

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A little casket hid from view,  
Among these ashes lies  
The gem is safe with Jesus Christ,  
Resplendent in the skies.

## “GONE.”

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Thou hast passed the shadowy portal;  
Thou hast borne the mortal strife;  
Thou hast left this world of sorrow  
For a world of heavenly life;  
And our hearts are grieving for thee—  
Grieving that we shall not see thee—  
Our sweet daughter! here again.

Blinding tears are 'neath our eyelids;  
Every lash contains a tear;  
And our hearts are sad with weeping—  
Weeping for thee, Brother dear!  
Weeping for thy loss, sweet angel!  
Ah! thou 'rt with the angels now,  
And their hands have smoothed the furrows  
Pain drew sternly on thy brow.

How they love thee! Ah, we have loved thee—  
Loved thee more than words can tell;  
Loved thee, not, we trust unwisely;  
Lost one! not, we trust too well.  
Lost one! No, not lost—for near us,  
In the spirit, still thou art,  
And in all our best affections  
Bearest still a precious part.

Calmer then will be our feelings;  
Better thoughts our minds will fill,  
And with hearts bow'd down, yet patient,  
We will own our Father's will.  
As it was, 'ere sickness touch'd thee,  
Soon thy gentle face we'll see,  
In its mild and thoughtful beauty,  
And its pure tranquility.

## GOING HOME.

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Sweet is the scene when Christian's die—  
When holy souls retire to rest;  
How mildly beams the closing eye—  
*How gently heaves the expiring breast!*  
So fades the summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies the wave along the shore.  
Triumphant shines the victor's brow,  
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing;  
Oh, Grave! where is thy victory now?  
And Death! ah, Death! where is thy sting?

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## PASSING AWAY.

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BY MRS. REMANS.

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It is written on the rose,  
In its glory's full array;  
Read what those buds disclose—  
“Passing away.”

It is written on the skies  
Of the soft blue summer day;  
It is traced in sunset dyes—  
“Passing away.”

It is written on the trees,  
As their young leaves glistening play,  
And on brighter things than these—  
“Passing away.”

It is written on the brow  
Where the spirit's ardent ray  
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—  
“Passing away.”

It is written on the heart,  
Alas! that there Decay  
Should claim from Love a part—  
“Passing away.”

Friends, friends! Oh, shall we meet  
In a land of purer day,  
Where lovely things—and sweet—  
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,  
And the thoughts that in them lay,  
When we mingled sympathies—  
“Passing away.”

Oh! if this may be so,  
Speed, speed, thou closing day!  
How blest, from earth's vain show  
To pass away.

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## DIRGE OF A CHILD.

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BY MRS. HEMANS.

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No bitter tears for thee be shed,  
Blossom of being! seen and gone!  
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,  
O blest departed one!  
Whose all of life a rosy ray,  
Bless'd into dawn and passed away.

Yes! thou art fled, ere guilt had power  
To stain thy cherub-soul and form,  
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower  
That never felt a storm!  
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,  
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,  
That Heaven benignly called thee hence,  
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight  
    O'er thy sweet innocence;  
And thou, that brighter home to bless,  
Art pass'd, with all thy loveliness!

Oh! had'st thou still on earth remain'd,  
Vision of beauty! fair as brief—  
How soon thy brightness had been stained  
    With passion or with grief!  
Now not a sullyng breath can rise,  
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb;  
No sculptured image there shall mourn;  
Ah! fitter far the vernal bloom,  
    Such dwelling to adorn.  
Fragrance and flowers, and dews, must be  
The only emblem meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,  
Adorn'd with Nature's brightest wreath;  
Each glowing season shall combine  
    Its incense there to breathe;  
And oft, upon the midnight air,  
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

And oh! sometimes in visions blest,  
Sweet spirit, visit our repose;  
And bear from thine own world of rest  
    Some balm for human woes!  
What form more lovely could be given  
Than thine, to messenger of Heaven?

## THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Come near!—ere yet the dust  
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,  
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,  
In still and solemn trust!

Come now!—once more let kindred lips be press'd  
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest.

Look yet on this young face!  
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,  
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,  
Gladdening its hearth and race?

Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impress'd;  
Come near and bear the beautiful to rest.

Ye weep, and it is well!  
For tears befit earth's partings! Yesterday  
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,  
And sunshine seemed to dwell  
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd.  
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest!

How may the mother's heart  
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?  
The Spring's rich promise hath been given in vain—  
The lovely must depart!  
Is he not gone—our brightest and best?  
Come near! and bear the early call'd to rest!

Yet mourn ye not as they  
Whose spirit's light is quenched—for him the past  
Is seal'd. He may not fall; he may not cast  
His birthright's hope away!  
All is not here of our beloved and bless'd—  
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest!

## REMINISCENCE.

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THE COMPILER'S REMINISCENCE OF HER TWO LITTLE BOYS, WHO MET  
THEIR DEATH ANGEL IN A BURNING STABLE, FEB. 24, 1859.

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About thirteen years ago, my little darlings, Clarence and Lewis, were all life, love and happiness. I had washed them and brushed their hair, and received a kiss of love, with assurance of the same, and in a few short hours their spirits had ascended to God who gave them, and naught was left but their charred remains.

They had been very pleasant and interesting, playing quietly all the forenoon until about 11 o'clock, when Clarence went out for a little while, then came back asking permission to go and play. When he went out Lewis slipped out with him, seemingly to their fate. No one saw what was going on, until all hope of help was passed. I was first on the spot, but to my call no sound met my ear, not even a cry; which gives me hope that their sufferings were short, for it could not have been more than ten or fifteen minutes since they left the room. I looked after Clarence as he went out of the door, he smiled one of his peculiar smiles, (he had just kissed me and told me he loved me,) and that is the last I ever saw or ever can see of my little ones, until I see them in the better world. Still in imagination, I can see them now with sparkling eyes and ruby lips, as they were the morning of the 24th of February—the day they were taken to join the angel band of little ones who make so large a part of the inhabitants of heaven. Their looks of love and winning ways come back to me, and I love to think of them; yet I would not call them back if I could, from their home of bliss and purity, to this world of sorrow and disappointment.

## THE HOUR OF DEATH.

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BY MRS. HEMANS.

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Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,  
Eve, for glad meetings 'round the joyous hearth,  
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;  
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,  
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;  
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,  
A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose  
May look like things too glorious for decay,  
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those  
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set,—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,  
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,  
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;  
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale  
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?  
Is it where roses in our paths grow pale?  
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,  
Thou art where music melts upon the air;  
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,  
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;  
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend  
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath;  
And stars to set,—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

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### “THY WILL BE DONE!”

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Father, Thy will be done!  
E'en though our hearts with deepest sorrow mourn,  
And tears will flow, for him our darling one.  
To his long slumber borne.

How peacefully he lies—  
After those weary days and nights of pain,  
With the white lids closed o'er his violet eyes,  
Never to weep again!

Upon his baby brow,  
So high and fair, no cloud may ever rest,  
Nor sin nor sorrow reach him nestling now  
On our dear Savior's breast.

“Not lost, but gone before!”  
Dear sister to thy loving care once given,  
Now safely landed on the other shore,  
He waits for the in heaven.

## THE MOTHER AND HER DYING BOY.

### MOTHER.

O, do not desert us! our hearts will be drear,  
Our home will be lonely when you are not here;  
Your brother will sigh 'mid his playthings, and say,  
I wonder dear William so long can delay;  
That foot like the wild wind, that glance like a star,  
O, what will this world be when they are afar?

### BOY.

This world, dearest mother, O, live not for this;  
No, press on me to the fulness of bliss!  
And trust me, whatever bright fields I may roam,  
My heart will not wonder from you and from home;  
Believe me still near you on pinions of love;  
Expect me to hail you when soaring above.

### MOTHER.

Well, go, my beloved; The conflict is o'er;  
My pleas are all selfish, I urge them no more;  
Why chain your bright spirit down here to the clod,  
So thirsting for freedom, so ripe for its God?  
Farewell, then, farewell, till we meet at the shore,  
Where love fears no parting, and tears are unknown.

### BOY.

O glory! O glory! What music! What light!  
What wonders break in on my heart—on my sight!  
I come, blessed spirits! I hear you from high;  
O frail, faithless Nature, can this be to die?  
So near? What, so near to my Saviour and King?  
O help me, ye angels, His glories to sing!

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“Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest.”

## OUR LITTLE KATIE.

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Pretty little Katie !

Smiling,

Beguiling,

Full of childish merriment that nothing could check ;

Without a moment's warning

She'd run down in the morning,

And jump upon my knee, and throw her arms about my neck

Coaxing little Katie !

Gay thing,

Plaything,

Thinking all the world was made for fun and glee ;

Her eyes they shone so brightly,

Her footsteps fell so lightly,

Ah, I made too much of Katie, and Katie too much of me !

Romping little Katie !

Tripping,

Skipping,

Through garden and through orchard, or meadow now,

Then back a minute after,

With most melodious laughter,

And rosy as a red-cheek'd apple on a bough.

\* \* \* \* \*

Solemn little Katie !

Dying,

Trying

To give me one more kiss—but with lips of clay ;

She looks very pale and sickly,

She is breathing very quickly,

And angels hover round, to bear her soul away.

Happy, happy Katie !

Wandering,

Pondering,

I hie me to her daisy bed, and muse there alone ;

Though cold and sad the place is,

Oh how fair her angel face is,

As she feels the kind embraces

Of him who loves the little ones, and makes them his own !

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## THE LITTLE COAT.

---

I have a little velvet coat, with trimmings plaided bright,  
That has been laid for years away, close folded out of sight ;  
Yet sometimes, when I chance to come where it has been so long,  
The silken edge looks dim and blurred, because my tears are strong.

The last time that I took it down, because the need was o'er,  
I found the pockets full of toys that would be used no more :  
The little bits of colored glass, and tinsel paper, lay  
Folded together with the coat, and so I let them stay.

Of all the traces that are left, remaining of the past,  
This touches nearest to the quick, because he wore it last ;  
And oftentimes the little arms were crossed upon its breast,  
That never more will clasp me here, because they are at rest.

Without the little tender form, this coat I cannot see—  
Something in every worn-down fold recalls it back to me :  
And though his every garment now is sacred to my heart,  
From this, the pockets filled by him, I could not bear to part.

My little boy no longer needs his coat with trimmings bright,  
For, since I had it laid away, his robes have been of white ;  
So, when I meet him at the last, my longing eyes may see  
The little hand, that placed the toys, held out again to me.

*English Paper.*

## SHALL I KNOW THEE IN HEAVEN?

BY NANNIE CLARK.

Shall I know thee there? Shall I know thee there?  
Will thy happy spirit the same smiles wear  
That now on thy placid features play,  
Like a ray from heaven? Say, loved one, say?

Shall I know thy voice? Shall I know thy voice?  
Will it just as soon my heart rejoice,  
As when in song on my ear it fell  
Like angel tones? Tell, loved one, tell.

Wilt thou love me still? Wilt thou love me still?  
Shall friendship, wrought by heavenly skill,  
There be dissolved? Wilt thou not seek  
Me 'mong the angels? Speak, loved one, speak.

Thy lips are still; thou hast forgot  
To answer me; but I blame thee not;  
For thou hast heard the angels' lay,  
And they've charmed thy spirit, sweet Nellie May.

Thou speakest not; but, hark! I hear  
An answer come from my Bible here—  
A ray of light o'er my heart is thrown—  
"There we shall know as we are known."

We'll smooth the curls on thy brow so cold,  
And softly, and gently, thy arms we'll fold,  
And we'll wrap thy form in the spotless white,  
And whisper to thee our last "good night."

And when we have ended our dull life dream,  
And have launched our barks on death's sunless stream;  
On its billowy tide we shall be borne  
To hail thee there, with a glad "good morn."

## THE LORD MY HELPER.

---

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and deliv-  
ereth them."—Psalm xxxiv, 7.

"Because Thou has been my help, therefore, in the shadow of thy wings will  
I rejoice."—Psalm lxiii, 7.

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Passing through life's desert drear,  
Fainting oft, and full of fear,  
Be thou, Jesus, ever near!

Weary of the weight of sin,  
Struggling with the foe within,  
Help me, Lord, at length to win!

But not lonely is the way,  
If I may, from day to day,  
Only hear thy sweet voice say:

"Child, fear not, I'll never leave thee;  
Thou art mine; let nought deeeive thee;  
'Tis to prove thy love to me.

Well I know the griefs thou hast,  
Conflicts now, and sorrows past;  
*But, 'on Me thy burdens cast!'*

In the darkness I am light;  
For thy weakness will give might,  
'Walk by faith and not by sight!'

O my Saviour! Thou *dost* know  
By thy sufferings here below,  
All the depth of human woe.

All the subtle tempter's wiles,  
The allurement of his smiles,  
And how sin the heart defiles.

And, since so pitiful Thou art,  
So patient with my wayward heart,  
And bid'st my cares and fears depart,

I'll hearken ever to thy call,  
Nor leave the path whate'er befall—  
So shalt Thou be my "*All in all!*"

E. F. C. H.

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## COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

---

G R A N T.

When gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain;  
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

When mourning, o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend;  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while;  
Thou, Saviour, marks't the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus, dead.

And O! when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

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## A GEM.

---

Like a dew-drop kissed off, by the sun's morning beam,  
A brief, but a beauteous existence was given;  
Her soul seamed to come down to earth in a dream,  
And only to wake when ascending to heaven.

## THE EARLY LOST.

---

To soothe the mind  
With luxury of grief,  
The soul to suffering all resigned  
In sorrows music seeks relief.—Mort.

Lady, thy soft and plaintive strain  
Has touched a cord of *finest tone*,  
And waked the *wounded heart* again  
To sorrow like thine own.

We, too, have lost a budding flower,  
A fondly lov'd and *cherished one*,  
Transplanted from an *earthly bower*  
To Eden's highest home.

It was our lot in sorrow wild  
To mourn a little daughter low,  
E'er six returning springs had smiled  
In brightness on her brow.

We laid beneath the cold damp ground  
That child we lov'd and valued so,  
While nature seem'd to smile around  
In mockery of our woe.

And many a pilgrimage we make.  
Of sorrow, to her lowly bed,  
Nor time, nor space the chain can break,  
That binds us to the dead.

Let not the great deride the claim  
Of humble life to feelings power;  
Nature's strong ties are still the same,  
In hut and lordly bower.

There is a voice whose power divine,  
Can bid the grave's cold tenant live ;  
Nor would we that blest hope resign  
For all the world can give.

Oh could we see as we are seen,  
Might mortal flesh those precincts tread,  
And lift the awful veil between  
The living and the dead.

Perhaps, we then might learn that they  
For whom we weep in sorrow here,  
Still hover round our mortal way,  
As guardian angels near.

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### 'TIS SWEET TO DIE

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O ! it is sweet to die—to part from earth,  
And win all heaven for things of idle worth ;  
Then sure thou wouldest not, though thou couldst awake  
The little slumberer, for its mother's sake.  
It is when those we love, in death depart,  
That earth has slightest hold upon the heart ;  
Hath not bereavement higher wishes taught—  
I know it hath ; hope then appears more dear,  
And heaven's bright *realms* shine brightest through a tear.  
Though it be hard to bid thy heart divide,  
And lay the gem of all thy love aside—  
Faith tells thee, and it tells the not in vain,  
That thou shalt meet thine infant yet again,  
On seraph wings, the new-born spirit flies,  
To brighter regions and serener skies ;  
And ere thou art aware the day may be  
When to those skies thy babe shall welcome thee.

## STANZA.

---

Oh when a Mother meets on high,  
The child she lost in infancy ;  
Hath she not then for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrows, all her tears,  
*And over-payment of delight.*

My little one, my fair one, thou canst not come to me ;  
But nearer draws the numbered hour, when I shall go to thee ;  
And thou perchance, with seraph smile, and golden harp in hand  
May'st come the first to welcome me, to our Emmanuel's land.

Oh, blissful scene ! where severed hearts  
Renew the ties most cherished ;  
When naught the mourned and mourner parts :  
Where grief with life is perished,  
Oh ! naught do I desire so well  
As here to die, and there to dwell.

The saints on earth, when sweetly they converse,  
And the dear favors of kind heaven rehearse,  
Each feels the other's joys, both doubly share  
The blessings which devoutly they compare.  
If saints such mutual joy feel here below,  
When they each others heavenly foretastes know,  
What joys transport them at each other's sight,  
When they shall meet in the empyreal hight !  
Friends, even in heaven, one happiness would miss—  
Should they not know each other when in bliss ?

BISHOP KEN.

Our first-born, and our only babe bereft !  
Too fair a flower was she for this rude earth,  
The features of her beauteous infancy  
Have faded from me, like a passive cloud,

Or like the glories of an evening sky :

And seldom hath my tongue pronounced her name,  
Since she was summoned to a happier sphere.

But that dear love, so deeply wounded then,  
L. in my soul, with silent faith sincere,

Devoutly cherish till we meet again.

---

## LOOK UPWARD.

---

Sure to the mansions of the blest,  
When infant innocence ascends ;  
Some angels brighter than the rest,  
The spotless spirits flight attends.

On wings of ecstasy they rise  
Beyond where worlds material roll,  
Till some fair sister of the skies  
Receives the unpolluted soul.

There at the almighty Father's hand,  
Nearest the throne of living light,  
The choir of infant seraphs stand,  
And dazzling shine where all are bright.

---

## WEEP NOT.

---

Weep for the life charm early flown,  
The spirit broken, bleeding, lone ;  
Weep for the death pangs of the heart,  
Ere being from the bosom part :  
But never be a tear drop given  
To those that rest in yon bright heaven.

## MY STRING OF PEARLS.

---

BY ETHEL ETHERTON.

---

I had a string of lovely pearls :  
Two noble boys, two wee, fair girls,  
Strung on the rainbow-ribbon-hope.  
A clasp beneath each tiny throat,  
A golden clasp, strong, pure and fine,  
Wrought from the gold of love divine :  
A love eternal as the song  
Upon our Saviour's natal morn,  
Sung by the angels clear and sweet,  
While kneeling at Jehovah's feet :  
And o'er the earth the blessed refrain,  
Fell soft and sweet as April rain.  
Alas ! my rainbow-ribbon, hope,  
Was frail as fair; too soon it broke—  
And half my pearls, despite my tears,  
Slipped off. The agony of years  
Seemed crowded into those few hours,  
When first I saw my pearly flowers  
Lie crushed ! Oh, God ! those hours of pain ;  
Oh ! may their like ne'er come again.  
So sudden fell my first sweet pearl,  
My little loving lisping girl,  
I could not feel that it was *death* :  
Not even when I saw her breath  
Was gone—her heart was still,  
I did say, “ Father, thy will,  
Not mine, be done.” Nay do not chide,  
For the kind angel by my side  
Said it, and gently sealed my lips,  
While o'er me passed death's first eclipse.  
Again that same kind angel hand

My string of lovely pearls unbound,  
And took my laughing boy away  
For "Lexia's" sake. What could I say,  
I bowed and strove to kiss the rod:  
The angel said, "Thy will, oh God!"  
These shaddows like the ocean spray,  
Damps all the blooms of sunny May—  
Or like the breath of the simoon  
Wafts echoes only from the tomb,  
But through the mist bright forms are seen,  
Sweet voices mingle with each dream;  
And still each day I count my pearls—  
One, two, three, four; two boys, two girls.

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### A MOTHER'S FAITH.

---

A Christian mother, in a town not many miles from this city, was accustomed from the birth of her children to dedicate them to the Lord in solemn and earnest prayer. She felt, too, the need of training them for God, and by a consistent example, and affectionate counsel, and firm discipline, to lead them in the paths of piety. She had an unfaltering faith in the promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." She had faith in the power of prayer; that the blessings desired would be granted to her supplications; and trusting with a serene confidence in God, she looked for the conversion of her children. According to her faith, it was granted to her. She lived to see all of her children numbered among the people of God; to see some of them pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death, leaning with triumph on the arm of the Beloved; and when she was called away, she felt that her parental work was done, and her family would be gathered an unbroken circle in heaven.

For her first-born daughter she cherished a peculiar solicitude. It was the burden of her prayer that this daughter might in early childhood become a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Every birth-

day was made an occasion of fasting and of special prayer that God would be pleased to send His Spirit with renewing power. The child grew up a sober and thoughtful girl, affectionate, dutiful in the family circle, loving to pray and read the Word of God, and with scarcely a single habit or tendency requiring correction, or giving anxiety to a parent's heart. Daily thanksgiving was offered by the mother in her closet for such indications of Divine grace, but her prayers grew more importunate, that the work of grace might be more manifest, and the Divine Spirit take up His abode in the heart of her child.

The earnest desire was at length realized. The child, when eight years of age, became unusually tender and prayerful. Her eyes were moist with tears at family devotions, and when she knelt in the chamber by her mother's side. A day of public fasting and prayer came, and on the previous night the mother wrestled in prayer, like Israel of old, and felt that she had prevailed. She expected, when she met her child, to find her a Christian. Nor was she disappointed. The serene peace on the daughter's face when she gave the usual morning greeting told the whole story. The day-star of hope had dawned on her heart, and from that day her Christian character was decided and progressive. Other members of the church were doubtful if one so young ought to be admitted to membership, but the mother and father had no doubt. After some months of delay she united with the church, and became one of its most consistent and useful members. In riper years God called her to the missionary field in a foreign land, where she labored in faith and with success, beloved in her own family, honored by her fellow-laborers, and revered almost by the native converts, till her work was finished, and she entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

If all mothers were equally earnest in prayer, and united works with their faith, would so many children of Christian parents grow up to irreligious lives?

M.

## FUNERAL OF A DRUMMER BOY.

---

There was a military funeral at Camp Kalorama, Washington, on Saturday. On Friday, Joseph Winters, one of the drummers of the N. Y. Nineteenth, was drowned while bathing. An army correspondent thus refers to the sad event:

He was a pleasant, good boy, and his sudden death made a deep impression in the encampment. His body was brought up from the creek and laid beneath a new tent pitched to receive it, under the trees on the north side of the parade ground. The men stood in silent rows in front of the tent until sundown, while a guard detailed for that purpose paced slowly back and forth. A letter was found in Joseph's pocket from "Cousin Susie," and as his comrades thought that he had no parents or brothers or sisters living, his captain wrote to her.

A little barefooted fellow, about eight years old, stood on the land when Joseph's body was recovered by the divers, and when the surgeon, promptly on the spot, was vainly endeavoring to start the water-clogged wheels of life, the little barefooted fellow walked in silence up the hill-side with the men who carried the body, following close behind; and there he stood before the tent curtain in serious stillness. At last he spoke, with respectful manner, and clear manly enunciation, to one of the field officers:

"Will you be so kind as to tell me, sir, whether he was a good boy?"

"I believe that he was, my little fellow, but I did not know him very well."

"Has he a father or mother, sir?"

"Why do you ask, my boy?"

"Because I hope that he did not have a mother, sir, or a father; they would feel so badly to hear that he was drowned." The officer cleared his throat and the little fellow went on. "And if, sir, he has no mother or father, and if he was a good boy, I am glad."

"Why glad, my boy?"

"Because, sir, I think it was the best time for him to be taken away." "Why the best time?"

"Because, sir, what the Lord does is always best." The funeral sermon was preached, the regiment attended the funeral, and the usual volley was fired over the grave.

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## SISTER ELLA.

---

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

---

We miss the smile that used to greet  
Our coming round the household hearth,  
The clear voice with its utterance sweet;  
The silvery laugh, the girlish mirth,  
The figure light, whose gentle grace  
Was rich with life and youthful bloom;  
Ah, who will fill her vacant place,  
Or light again our darkened home?

She was too beautiful for earth;  
Yet as the summer floated by,  
And brought new charms of dearer worth,  
We never thought that she could die;  
We heard the chanted funeral hymn  
Its oft repeated lesson speak,  
But never dreamed that death could dim  
The carmine of her lips and cheek.

Soft be her rest, the grasses bright,  
The sweet sprays of the wilding rose.  
The sheltering trees and shaded light,  
All join to curtain her repose.  
The wild-bird stays its airy wing  
Upon her grave at dewy even',  
Her sad and early fate to sing  
Who died on earth, but *lives in heaven.*

## WHERE THEY REST.

In a little valley hollowed  
From the mountain's verdant crest,  
Far above the ocean's level.  
Far above the world's gay revel,  
Just beneath the vaulted heaven,  
Where its first, pure breath is given  
There they rest.

In the spring the wild bee murmurs,  
O'er the sod above them pressed;  
And the humming-bird is darting,  
Pausing, humming, sipping, starting,  
Sipping nectar from the clover,  
And the roses bending over  
Where they rest.

There a little streamlet glideth,  
Smiling on like something blest ;  
And the fresh winds from the mountain,  
Joining with that sweet voiced fountain,  
Sing a ceaseless song above them,  
For all nature seems to love them,  
In their rest.

Now the little "Pleasant Valley,"  
In a pure white robe is dressed;  
And the winds in solemn measures,  
Chant their dirge, and wondrous treasures,  
Ermine robes and gems in keeping,  
Winter casts above the sleeping,  
Still they rest.

These are but the caskets, folded  
In the valley's sheltering breast.

But, by Faith, we see the shining  
Of the crowns of peace, entwining  
Spirit brows all white and pearly.  
Of the loved who left us early.

Seeking rest.

Ladies' Repository, Boston.

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## A MOTHER'S HOPES

---

A mother's hopes are holy,  
And are planted by the spring  
Of life within her heart;  
Their tendrils cling around the purest  
Fibres of her soul, and earth has nothing  
Great or beautiful which they embrace  
While the topmost buds  
Are flashing in the radiant light of heaven.

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## MEDITATION ON THE LOSS OF BELOVED FRIENDS.

---

BY REV. C. BRADLEY.

---

We love the creature too well. We put it above our God—and this is the way in which he casts it from its throne. He suffers the reed we lean upon to pierce us as it breaks; he allows the idol which drew our affections from him, to wound us as well as fail us. And then our eyes are open; our misery brings us to ourselves. We remember that none can satisfy the soul but God. We turn from our broken idols, and our language is, Why did I lean for happiness so long on what I could not keep? Why do I still cling to the objects which death may tear from me in an hour? I will seek comforts in things which death cannot reach; my Lord shall have the heart he died to save.

## “I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU.”

---

My Saviour! is my place prepared,  
And for my welcome hast Thou cared,  
When death shall call for me?  
When I shall rest beneath the sod,  
Shall angels bear my soul to God?  
Saviour! can it be?

Exceeding grace! I raise my eyes,  
All wet with tear-drops, to the skies,  
And bless thee for thy love;  
I would not always dwell below,  
Where death has torn my heart-strings so;  
'T will ne'er be thus above.

And yet 't is well—'t is well for me,  
And well for those who've gone to thee,  
That thou didst call them home;  
I love those dear ones far too well  
To wish that they should ever dwell  
Where I in sadness roam.

I would not ask them to exchange  
Their peaceful home; they'd think it strange—  
(And 't would be strange indeed,)  
If I, who am a prisoner here,  
And often shed the silent tear,  
Should mourn when they are freed.

I feel as mourning exile feels,  
When lonely sadness o'er him steals,  
And hope forsakes his breast:  
“I am not banished from my home,  
I have not many days to roam  
Ere I shall be at rest.”

O blessed Saviour! now I see  
Great preparations made for me—  
    In mansions bright and fair;  
For thou with sweet attractive art,  
To make heaven dearer to my heart,  
    Hast placed my jewels there!

---

## FAMILY PRAYER.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

With the orient's dawning ray,  
Saviour, for Thy light we pray;  
And when night its darkness brings,  
Seek the shelter of Thy wings:  
Thou who still for us dost plead,  
For our weakness intercede.  
Jesus through whose only name,  
Life, and hope, and heaven we claim.

Grant to us the boon they sought,  
Who, to Thee, their children brought,  
When, descended from Thy throne,  
On the earth thy glory shone:  
By Thy words of mercy free,  
Suffer us to come to Thee,  
Jesus, through whose only name,  
Life, and hope, and heaven we claim.

For our children hear our prayer,  
And, for us, their pleadings hear:  
While our hearts in love entwine,  
Let us all be one in Thine,  
And before Thee as we kneel  
In our midst Thy presence feel,  
Jesus, through whose only name,  
Life, and hope, and heaven we claim.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

---

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

---

"He gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom."

Lamb! in a clime of verdure,  
Thy favored lot was cast, ,  
No serpent 'mid thy flow'ry food,  
Upon thy fold no blast,—  
Thine were the crystal fountains,  
And thine a cloudless sky,  
Amid thy sports a star of love  
Thy play-mate brother's eye.

Approving guides caress'd thee,  
Where'er thy footsteps rov'd;  
The ear that heard thee bless'd thee,  
The eye that saw thee lov'd;  
Yet life hath snares and sorrows  
From which no friend can save,  
And evils might have thronged thy path  
Which thou wert weak to brave.

There is a heavenly Shepherd,  
And ere thy infant charms  
Had caught the tinge of care and woe  
He call'd thee to his arms.  
And though the shadowy valley,  
With Death's dark frown was dim,  
Light cheer'd the stormy passage,  
And thou art safe with him.

---

Roses bloom—then they wither;  
Cheeks are bright—then fade and die;  
Shapes of light are wafted hither—  
Then like visions hurry by.

From "Songs of Worship," by permission of T. C. O'Kane, author of words and music.

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## "SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES."

---

Who, who are these beside the chilly wave,  
Just on the border of the silent grave,  
Shouting Jesus' pow'r to save,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS:—"Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

These, these are they who in their youthful days  
Found Jesus early and in wisdom's ways  
Proved the fulness of his grace,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

These, these are they who in affliction's woes  
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose  
*Such as from a pure heart flows,*  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

These, these are they who in the conflict dire,  
Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire,  
Jesus now says "Come up higher,"  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Safe, safe upon the ever shining shore,  
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er,  
Happy now and ever more,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Chorus to two last stanzas:

*"Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."*

May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,  
Daily, from sin, be kept by power divine,  
Then in Heav'n the Saints we'll join,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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## AWAKE TO EFFORT.

*"The night cometh when no man can work."*

Awake to effort while the day is shining,  
The time to labor will not always last,  
And no regret, repentance, nor repining,  
Can bring to us again the varied past.  
The silent sands of life are falling fast,  
Time tells our busy pulses, one by one;  
And shall our work, so needful and so vast,  
Be all completed, or but just begun,  
When twilight shadows veil life's dim departing sun.  
  
What duties have our idle hands neglected,  
What useful lesson have we learned and taught,  
What warmth, what radiance have our minds reflected,  
What rich and rare materials have we bought,  
For deep investigations earnest thought?  
Concealed within the soul's unfathomed mine  
How many a sparkling gem remains unwrought,  
That industry might place on learnings shrine,  
Or lavish on the world to further God's design?

The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean,  
Will leave a track behind forever more;  
The highest wave of influence, set in motion,  
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.

We should be wary, then, who go before  
A myriad yet to be, and we should take  
Our bearing carefully where breakers roar  
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake  
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

To effort! ye whom God has nobly gifted,  
With that prevailing power, undying song;  
For human good let every hand be lifted,  
For human good let every heart be strong;  
Is there no crying sin,—nor grievous wrong,  
That ye may help to weaken or repress?  
In wayside hut and hovel—'midst the throng  
Down-trodden by privation and distress—  
Is there no stricken heart that ye can cheer and bless?

Sing idle lays to idle harps no longer:  
Go, peal an anthem at the gate of heaven—  
Exertion makes the fainting spirit stronger—  
Sing, till the bonds of ignorance are riven,  
Till dark oppression from the earth is driven—  
Sing, till from every land and every sea,  
One universal triumph song is riven,  
To hail the long expected jubilee,  
When every bond is broke, and every vassal free.

And ye, whose birthright is the glorious dower  
Of eloquence, to thrill the immortal soul,  
Use not unwisely the transcendant power  
To waken, guide, restrain, direct, control  
The hearts deep earnest feelings; let the goal  
Of your ambition be, a name enshrined  
By love and gratitude upon the scroll,  
Where generations yet unborn shall find  
The deathless deeds of those who loved and blessed  
Mankind

## THE CHILD IN HEAVEN.

---

Kind parents, why those tears?  
And why those bursting sighs?  
No weeping here bedims  
Your little darling's eyes.

The shade of eve you know,  
Was hastening along,  
When my freed spirit left  
To soar the stars among.

And yet before the night  
Had drawn her veil around  
The home I left below,  
A better I had found.

So rapidly the soul,  
Unbodied takes its flight,  
That scarce earth's scenery failed  
When heaven broke on my sight.

Did not you, mother, see  
That bright celestial band?  
That smiled, and beckon'd me,  
And held the inviting hand?

They let me stay awhile,  
To hear my mother pray,  
And see her close the eyes,  
And kiss the unconscious clay.

And then to heaven we flew,  
The cherubs led the way;  
But my rapt spirit smiled  
As joyously as they.

Oh ! there is music here !  
The softest, sweetest strains,  
Float constantly along,  
O'er these ethereal plains.

List, mother ! father, list !  
A harp to me is given ;  
And when I touch the strings,  
'T is heard all over heaven.

Dear parents, weep no more,  
For those you loved so well ;  
For glories here are ours,  
And joys we may not tell.

Oh ! live and serve the Lord,  
The dear Redeemer love ;  
Then when you've done with earth,  
We'll welcome you above.

---

## THE PICKET GUARD.

---

All quiet along the Potomac, they say,  
Except now and then a stray picket  
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro  
By a rifleman in the thicket ;  
'Tis nothing, a private or two now and then  
Will not count in the news of the battle ;  
Not an officer lost—only one of the men  
Moaning out all alone the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,  
Their tents in the rays of the clear Autumn moon,  
Or the light of their watch-fires are gleaming ;  
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind

Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,  
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,  
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed  
Far away in the cot on the mountain;  
His musket falls slack, his face dark and grim  
Grows gentle with memories tender  
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,  
For their mother, may heaven defend her.

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,  
That night when the love, yet unspoken,  
Leaped up to his lips when low murmured vows  
Were pledged to be ever unbroken,  
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,  
He dashes off tears that are welling,  
And gathers his gun closer up to its place  
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—  
The footsteps lagging and weary,  
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light  
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.  
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?  
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?  
It looked like a rifle, "Ha! Mary, good-bye,"  
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
No sound save the rush of the river,  
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead:  
The picket's off duty forever.

ANON.

## “OUR DARLING.”

---

He was our father's darling,  
A bright and happy boy—  
His life was like a summer's day,  
Of innocence and joy.  
His voice, like singing waters,  
Fell softly on the ear,  
So sweet, that hurrying echo  
Might linger long to hear.

He was our mother's cherub,  
Her life's untarnished light,  
Her blessed joy by morning,  
Her vision'd hope of night.  
His eyes were like the day beams,  
That brighten all below—  
His ringlets like the gather'd gold  
Of sunset's gorgeous glow.

He was our sister's plaything,  
A happy child of glee,  
That frolicked on the parlor floor,  
Scarce higher than our knee.  
His joyous bursts of pleasure  
Were wild as mountain wind—  
His laugh, the free unfettered laugh  
Of childhood's chainless mind.

He is a blessed angel,  
His home is in the sky—  
He shines among those living lights  
Beneath his Maker's eye.  
A freshly gathered lily,  
A bud of early doom,  
Has been transplanted from the earth  
To bloom beyond the tomb.

## CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

(As quoted by Mr. Hammond in Children's Meeting, Topeka, Kansas, March 13, '71.)

---

“The Master has come over Jordan,”  
Said Hannah, the mother, one day,  
“He is healing the people who throng him  
By a touch of his finger, they say;  
And now I shall carry the children—  
Little Rachel, and Samuel and John—  
I shall carry the baby Esther,  
For the Lord to look upon.”

The father looked on her kindly,  
But he shook his head and smiled:  
“Now who but a doting mother  
Would think of a thing so wild?  
If the children were tortured by demons,  
Or dying of fever, 'twere well,  
Or had they the taint of the leper  
Like many in Israel.”

“Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,  
I feel such a burden of care,  
If I carry it to the Master  
Perhaps I shall leave it there.  
If he lay his hand on the children,  
My heart shall be lighter I know:  
For a blessing forever and ever  
Will follow them as they go.”

So over the hills of Jordan,  
Along by the vine rows green,  
Esther asleep on her bosom  
And Rachel her brothers between;

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,  
Or wanted his touch or his word,  
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening  
She pressed to the feet of the lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"  
Said Peter, "with little children like these?  
Seeth not how, from morning till evening,  
He toucheth and healeth disease?"  
Then Christ said: "Forbid not the children,  
Permit them to come unto me,"  
And he took in his arms little Esther,  
And Rachel He sat on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother  
Was lifted all earth care above,  
As he laid his hands on the brothers  
And blessed them with tenderest love;  
As he said of the babes in his bosom  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven,"  
And strength for all duty and trial  
That hour to her spirit was given.

---

## HERE AND THERE.

---

BY HANNAH MORE.

---

Here, bliss is short, imperfect, insecure;  
But total, absolute, and perfect there.  
Here time's a moment, short our happiest state,  
There infinite duration is our date;  
Here, Satan tempts and troubles e'en the best;  
There Satan's power extends not to the blest.  
In a weak simple body, here I dwell;  
But there I drop this frail and sickly shell.

Here, my best thoughts are stained with guilt and fear :  
But love and pardon shall be perfect there.  
Here, my best duties are defiled with sin ;  
There, all is ease without, and peace within.  
Here, feeble faith supplies my only light ;  
There faith and hope are swallowed up in sight.  
Here, love of self my fairest works destroys ;  
There love of God shall perfect all my joys.  
Here, things as in a glass are darkly shown ;  
There I shall know as clearly as I'm known.  
Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below ;  
There, freshest palms on roots immortal grow.  
Here my fond heart is fastened on some friend,  
Whose kindness may, whose life must, have an end ;  
But there, no failure can I ever prove,  
God cannot disappoint, for he is love.  
Here, Christ for sinners suffered, groaned and bled ;  
But there, he reigns the great triumphant head.  
Here, mocked and scourged, he wore a crown of thorns ;  
A crown of glory there his brow adorns.  
Here error clouds the will, and dims the sight ;  
There all knowledge, purity and light.  
Here so imperfect is this mortal state,  
If blest myself, I mourn some others fate—  
At every human woe I here repine ;  
There joy of every saint shall there be mine.  
Here, if I lean, the world shall pierce my heart ;  
But there the broken reed and I shall part.  
Here on no promised good can I depend ;  
But there the Rock of Ages is my friend.  
Here if some sudden joy delight inspire,  
The dread to lose it damps the rising fire ;  
But there whatever good the soul employs  
The thought, that 'tis eternal crowns the joy.

## CHILD OF SORROW.

---

Child of sorrow! Child of sorrow!

Murmur not beneath the rod,  
There may be a joyful morrow,  
Treasured up for thee with God.

When the night of pain is darkest,  
When thy path is cold and drear,  
Trust in God—he surely marketh  
Every pang and every tear.

If thy spirit bow before him  
With a heartfelt humble prayer,  
If thy fervent faith adore him,  
He will banish thy despair.

He will teach thee resignation,  
He will give thee heartfelt peace;  
Blessed hope, and consolation,  
Riches and immortal bliss.

---

## A HAPPY DEATH SCENE.

---

Once, when spring had begun to quicken the swelling buds, a fair form that was wont to linger among them, came not forth from her closely curtained window. She was beautiful and young, but Death had come for her. The purple tinge was upon her brow. The lungs moved feebly, and with a gasping sound. It would seem that speech had forsaken her. The mother bent over her pillow, she was her only one. Earnestly she besought her for one word,—“only one more word, my beloved.” It was in vain. Yet again, the long fringes of her blue eyes opened, and what a bursting forth of glorious joy! They were raised upward, they expanded as though the soul would spring from them in ecstacy. Then there was a

whispering of the pale lips. The mother knelt down and covered her face. She knew that her darling was to be offered up.

But there was one, deep, sweet, harp-like articulation, "praise," and all was over. Then from that kneeling mother came the same tremulous word, "praise." Yet there was an ashy paleness on her brow, and they laid her, fainting, by the side of the breathless and beautiful. There she revived, and finished the sentence that the young seraph had begun.—"Praise ye the Lord."

The emotions of that death scene were to sublimated for tears. More surely might we hope thus to part with our dear ones, and thus to die in Jesus, did we in our brief probation live near him, and for him. Let us nurse that faith in our little ones which turns the pangs of separation into praise and lights the paleness of death with a smile of glory.

---

## JOY OF HEAVEN.

---

Oh! who can speak the joy,  
That burst upon thy sight,  
When thy spirit left its clay,  
And took its heavenward flight.  
Methinks I hear the song,  
Of the bright winged seraph band,  
As they bore thy happy spirit,  
To the bright celestial land.

My heart! how lonely 'tis,  
And rent those sacred ties;  
But there's within me something,  
Which draws me to the skies.  
There's a calm and holy feeling,  
When I bow myself in prayer,  
And I'm blest as I plead for entrance,  
Where my God, my treasures are.

## LINES.

BY A LADY IN E. H. ON LEARNING THESE EXPRESSIONS OF GRIEF

BY MR. MEAD.

One look before we part,  
And it must be the last :  
How does my grief worn heart,  
Keep lingering o'er the past.

When thou in all my way  
Wast like a beam of light,  
My joy throughout the day,  
And on my prayer at night.

My blighted hopes I mourn ;  
My earthly ties are riven ;  
I could have suffering borne,  
My life I would have given ;

To save thee from the dust,  
Yet I would not restore,  
For go to thee I must,  
But thou to me no more.

'Twas not in all my fears  
To class thee with the dead ;  
I never thought thy years  
So briefly could have fled.

And now the grave will tear,  
Forever from my view,  
This form in death so fair,  
In life so lovely too.

One look, and thou art gone :  
O what has earth beside ;  
My son, my only son,  
I could for thee have died.

## “I ‘M WITH THEE STILL.”

---

BY MRS. A. M. EDMONDS.

---

“Are they not all ministering spirits,” &c.

Mother! dear mother! though many a day  
Has passed like the swift-winged clouds away,  
Since thou, with grief that was almost wild,  
Didst give to the angel of death thy child;  
Never more let a tear thine eyelid fill,  
For, mother! sweet mother! “I ‘m with thee still.”

Thou canst not see me, thy child so dear,  
Thou canst not hear me, yet I am near.  
I watch thee, mother, as thou didst me,  
In the days of my youth and infancy.—  
LOVE’s holiest vigil I come to fill,  
Mother! dear mother! “I ‘m with thee still.”

When the sun goes down to his couch of gold,  
And the shadowy wings of night unfold,  
And the stars light up the beautiful road  
That shows the path to the saints’ abode,  
I come with the angels that do His will,  
Mother! dear mother! “I ‘m with thee still.”

I see thee kneel in the place of prayer,  
And I fold my pinions in silence there.  
As the earnest of faith to thee is given—  
The hope that heralds the bliss of heaven,  
And the holiest peace which the soul can fill.  
Mother! sweet mother! “I ‘m with thee still.”

When the hour shall come and thy strength shall fail,  
And thy feet are turned to the narrow vale,  
And the waters of death, so dark and cold,

I will touch thy hand in the waves so chill.  
Mother! dear mother! "I'm with thee still."  
  
When the river is crossed and the journey done,  
The conflict is over, the victory won,  
And thy feet are firm on that glorious shore  
Where sorrow and parting are known no more;  
Never more shall a tear thy eyelids fill  
There, there, sweet mother, "I'm with thee still."

---

### "TO MRS. MEAD."

---

He was a lovely boy:  
Health spread its halo round him,  
And the smile of animated joy  
Was blended with a look of strong and  
Brilliant intellect, that might not  
Pass unnoticed.

The strangers eye  
Would fasten on a form so full of  
Interest, and friends would day by day,  
Drink in his winning graces; yet in  
The minds of all a monitorial feeling dwelt,  
Which oft time bodes the wreck of early hopes.

He seemed not for the earth  
So young, so ripe for heaven, yet there  
Was still a trusting hope—Deep rooted  
In thy breast, that he was sent  
To labor in the vineyard of his Lord.  
O hast thou not, fond mother, in the full  
Rapturc of thy heart, oft cast a mental  
Eye into the future, and in one glance,  
Beheld a life of deep devotedness.

## “CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION.”

---

“Thy will be done!”

Must I yet bow in deeper anguish?

Are other griefs prepared for me?

I yield my Lord! I yield to *Thee*!

I will in dust and ashes languish,

Until my course of woes be run.

Thy will be done.

Yet keep me meek,

And in my heart, so full of sadness,

Let rays of consolation shine,

For when I see the work is thine,

‘Midst darkest woes, this, this is gladness,

My Father’s hand alone I seek.

Oh, keep me meek!

My dearest child

Was but a loan from Thee obtained,

Now I return it to Thee, Lord:

I have no power but in thy word.

My child is now by Thee retained,

By sin and death all undefiled.

My dearest child.

And now good night!

Ye souls for whom my heart is yearning,

Ye are in that blest fatherland,

With naught but bliss on every hand.

Farewell! I now have ceased my mourning,

That ye so soon are lost to sight.

And now good night!

I’m following on,

When’er it is my Father’s pleasure,

When sorrow’s painful scenes are past,

And glory's home is reached at last,  
I'll find you all my dearest treasure;  
And now with this my sighs are done,  
I'm following on.

"Unto this man will I look, saith the lord; even unto him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit."

---

## CARRYING AWAY THE LAMBS.

---

When the shepherds of large flocks of sheep cannot succeed in separating the dams from the rest, because their young ones are among them, they will carry away their lambs in their arms to a better pasture, and then the dams willingly follow. Ah, "the Good, Good Shepherd" has often to adopt the same method to separate his chosen ones from the rest of the world, he is compelled to carry away the lambs of the human flock in his warm bosom to heaven; and then bereaved parents gladly follow.

The poet has drawn a beautiful and touching simile from this well-known practice of pastoral life:

A shepherd long had sought in vain  
To call a wandering sheep;  
He strove to make its pathway plain  
Through dangers thick and deep.

But yet the wanderer stood aloof,  
And still refused to come;  
Nor would she ever hear reproof  
Or turn to seek her home.

At last the gentle shepherd took  
Her little lambs from view!  
The mother gazed with anguished look,—  
She turned, and followed to.

## THOUGHTS OF A LONELY HOUR:

### OR, SHE IS BETTER OFF.

---

BY C. W. BARLOW.

---

"She is better off." Heartless sounds those words as they fall from the lips of every would-be sympathizer, from the aged matron of four-score down to the child of scarce ten summers; and yet I know my little one, thus early passed away, has escaped much of earth's sorrows, trials and temptations, and secured the realms of eternal day. And now the heart-stricken, sorrowing mother needs that consolation that can be found nowhere except in the Bible. Her heart must be stayed on God, and with an abiding, unwavering faith that still clings to the Lord Jesus, she may one day expect to see her little one in heaven.

Will not that meeting be joyful and full of blessed love, too pure for earth; but, may not angels of that bright abode behold it and exclaim: Holy! holy! happy re-union. Many and strong are the ties that bind these pure little ones to their mothers, but God, in his infinite wisdom and love, takes them from us and transplants them in a fairer world for a more blessed employment. Many are the sad hours for a true hearted mother after all that is mortal of her loved one has passed away. Many are the sleepless hours during the night, looking forward to that happy time when our sins shall be washed away, and we meet our little ones face to face—no more to be separated—no more to give the good-bye kiss—no more to leave the presence of our dear Saviour, but to dwell on—on—through an endless eternity. Who that has the little garments and toys, those laid-aside treasures, does not value them more than costly pearls or shining gold? Yes, than the richest mines? The afflicted mother loves to call to mind again,

## “OUR BIRD.”

---

One bird had flown; one flower was dead;  
One leaf had left the tree;  
One Heaven-sent blessing had gone back  
To vast eternity;  
One babe, kind Father of us all,  
Has passed by death to *Thee*.

Ah! none may know how deep our grief,  
E'en yet some lines remain  
Tear-worn upon our hearts, the sad  
Memento's of our pain,  
It seem'd that joy had fled away,  
And would not come again.

Could tears or prayers have held her here  
She had not passed away;  
Could love have bound her to the earth  
She had been ours to-day;  
But tears, and prayers, and love were vain  
The messenger to stay.

'Tis past! the anguish of that hour,  
Oh! let it not remain,  
So heavy on the weeping heart  
And on the throbbing brain!  
'Tis past! and now we would not call  
Our lost one back again.

Though wearily the day goes by  
And tearful falls the night,  
And when the morning comes again  
We do not bless the light,  
Though change, nor thought, nor earnest prayer  
Brings back our lost delight.

Still on this darkness of our grief  
There shines a distant star;  
And Heaven's own lustre makes it bright,  
E'en though it shines afar—  
Our gentle, precious, loving one  
Is where the angels are.

Pain never more will shade her brow,  
Nor tears her sweet blue eyes;  
Nor grief the pure and loving lips  
Whose musical replies  
Are falling oft on memory's ear  
Like dear words from the skies.

Our Father! who, in tender love,  
Hath taken from our care  
One whom our weak hearts loved too much,  
Regard our tearful prayer—  
This loss—Such wondrous gain to him—  
*O, give us strength to bear.*

---

### “DEPART CHRISTIAN SOUL.”

---

Depart, depart! the silver cord is breaking,  
The sun-ray fades before thy darken'd sight  
The subtle essence from the clod is taking  
Mid groans and pangs its everlasting flight;  
Lingerest thou fearful? Christ the grave hath blest.

Thou wert a stranger here, and all thy trouble  
To bind a wreath upon the brow of pain—  
To build a bower upon the watery bubble,  
Or strike an anchor 'neath its depths, was vain.  
Depart! Depart! All tears are wiped away,  
Thy seraph-marshall'd road is toward the realm of day.

BURIAL OF TWO YOUNG SISTERS;  
THE ONLY CHILDREN OF THEIR PARENTS.

---

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

---

"They 're here in this turf-bed—those tender forms, so kindly cherished, and so fondly loved. They 're here."

Sweet sisters! pleasant in their lives,  
And not in death divided. Sure 'tis meet  
That blooming ones should linger here and learn  
How quick the transit to the silent tomb.  
I do remember them, their pleasant brows  
So mark'd with pure affections, and the glance  
Of their mild eyes, when in the house of God,  
They gathered up the manna, that did fall  
Like dew around.

The eldest parted first—  
And it was touching even to tears, to see  
The perfect meekness of that child-like soul  
Turning 'mid sorrow's chastening to its God,  
And loosening every link of earthly hope,  
To gird an angel's glorious garments on.  
The youngest lingered yet a little while  
Drooping and beautiful. Strongly the nerve  
Of that lone spirit clasped its parent-prop;  
Yet still in timid tenderness embraced  
The Rock of Ages—while the Saviour's voice  
Confirmed its trust: "Suffer the little ones  
To come to me." And then her sister's couch  
Undrew its narrow covering—and those forms  
Which side by side, on the same cradle bed,  
So often shared the sleep of infancy,  
Were laid on that clay pillow, cheek to cheek  
And hand to hand, until that morning break

Which hath no night. And ye are left alone,  
Who nurtured those fair buds, and often said  
Unto each other, in the hour of care—  
These same shall comfort us in all our toil.  
Yes, ye are left alone. It is not ours  
To heal such wound. Man hath to reach  
A hand. All he can give is tears—  
But He who took your treasures to his keeping—  
He hath power to bear you onward to that  
Better land, where none are written childless,  
And torn hearts blend in a full eternity of bliss.

---

### HALLOWED GROUND.

—  
CAMPBELL.  
—

What 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod  
Its Maker meant not should be trod  
By man, the image of his God,  
Erect and free,  
Unscourged by superstition's rod  
To bow the knee?

That 's hallowed ground—where mourned and missed,  
The lips repose our love has kissed:  
But where 's their memory's mansion? Is 't  
Yon church-yard's bowers?  
No! in ourselves their souls exist,  
A part of ours.

What 's hallowed ground? 'T is what gives birth  
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!  
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth  
Earth's compass round;  
And your high priesthood shall make earth  
All hallowed ground.

## THE GRAVE.

---

"O Grave! where is thy victory?"

O tread thou not lightly  
Where yon branches wave,  
And speak thou not slightly,  
For this is the grave.

Here beauty reposes,  
Once fairer than thou,  
All fled are the roses  
From cheek and from brow.

Here wealth is a bubble,  
And riches take wings,  
Care dies with its trouble,  
Pain loses its sting.

Here friendship must falter,  
And love cannot save:  
Ties formed at the altar  
Must break at the grave.

Here life that is longest  
Is yielded at length,  
And the arm that is strongest  
Is shorn of its strength.

Yon bright world the centre  
Of all thou hast known,  
Dost thou tremble to enter  
The passage alone?

Have thou faith in His story—  
Who suffered to save;  
And a portal of glory  
To thee is the grave.

Triumphant thine ally—  
His merciful word.  
Thy guide through the valley—  
The arm of the Lord.

---

## LOOK UPWARD.

“Trust in the Lord forever.” - Isaiah xxvi. 4.

Look upward, dear father—still trust in thy God;  
And he will be with thee, thy staff and thy rod:  
His arm shall support thee—his presence sustain,  
Though clouds and thick darkness about thee now reign!

Look upward, and still in thy Father confide:  
His care will protect thee whatever betide:  
Though tempests assail thee, and terrors affright,  
Jehovah is nigh thee—in him is thy might.

Look upward—thy Saviour is seated on high,  
With ear ever ready to list to thy cry:  
He, too, has of grief and its bitterness known,  
And can feel for the sorrows which once were his own.

Look upward—behold him in mansions above,  
Pleading earnestly for thee, in accents of love;  
The Father ne'er turned from those accents away;  
He bows him to listen—look upward and pray!

Look upward, and see the true Comforter there,  
The Holy One promised in answer to prayer:  
He comes with his healing and heart-soothing power,  
To cheer and console thee in sorrow’s dark hour.

Look upward—these blessings so rich, so divine,  
So precious, so boundless, are *all, aye all thine!*  
Then lift the bowed spirit, earth’s anguish defy,  
*God waits to be gracious—his succor is nigh!*

## THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

---

On the field of battle,  
'Neath the star-lit sky,  
Weary little Charlie  
Laid him down to die.

Many deeds of valor  
Worthy veterans gray,  
'Mid the dreadful carnage,  
He had done that day.

Wounded and now helpless,  
On the Southern plain  
Sank the little Drummer,  
Ne'er to rise again.

But one foe remaineth,  
Will his courage fail?  
Will he flee in terror  
From the horseman pale?\*

Happy little Charlie!  
Not a sign of fear  
Marked his youthful features  
As the foe drew near.

Death had found him waiting  
With his armor on;  
Soon the strife was ended,  
And the victory won.

Not alone he conquered;  
For a mighty arm,  
Like a shield of mercy,  
Kept his soul from harm.

Through each weary conflict  
Christ was ever nigh;  
Happy little Drummer—  
Fit to live or die.

\*Rev. vi, 8.

---

## FAITH.

---

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

---

Wrapt in the robe of faith;  
Come to the place of prayer,  
And seal thy deathless vows to him  
Who makes thy life his care.

Doth he thy summer skies,  
O'er cloud with tempest gloom?  
Or take the idol of thy breast,  
And hide it in the tomb?

Or bid thy treasur'd joys  
In hopeless ruin lie?  
Search not his reasons; wait his will,  
Thy record is on high.

For should he strip thy heart  
Of all it boasts on earth,  
And set thee naked and alone,  
As at thy day of birth.

He cannot do thee wrong,  
Those gifts were his at first;  
Draw nearer to his changeless throne;  
Bow deeper in the dust.

Calls he thy parting soul  
Unbodied from the throne.  
Cling closer to thy Saviour's cross,  
And raise the victor's song.

## LAST WORDS.

“Dear ‘Charlie,’ breathed a soldier,

“Oh! comrade, true and tried,

Who, in the heat of battle,

Pressed closely to my side;

I feel that I am stricken,

My life is ebbing fast.

I fain would have you with me

Dear Charlie, till the last.

“It seems so sudden, Charlie,

To think to-morrow’s sun

Will look upon me lifeless,

And I not twenty-one!

I little dreamed this morning

’T would bring my last campaign—

God’s ways are not as our ways,

And I will not complain.

“There’s one at home, dear Charlie,

Will mourn for me when dead,

Whose heart—it is a mother’s—

Can scarce be comforted.

You’ll write and tell her, Charlie,

With my dear love, that I

Fought bravely as a soldier should,

And died as he should die.

“My words are weak, dear Charlie,

My breath is growing scant;

Your hand upon my heart—there,

Can you not hear me pant?

Your thoughts, I know, will wander

Sometimes to where I lie—

How dark it grows! True comrade

And faithful friend, good-bye!”

SELECTED FOR MRS. LAZEAR, ON THE DEATH  
OF HER DAUGHTER.

---

There is no flock, however watched and tended,

    But one dead Lamb is there;

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,

    But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,

    And mournings for the dead;

The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,

    Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions,

    Not from the ground arise,

But oftentimes celestial benedictions

    Assume this dark disguise.

Lucy is not dead—the child of your affection,

    But gone unto that school

Where she no longer needs your kind protection,

    And Christ himself doth rule.

Day after day, we think what she is doing

    In those bright realms of air:

Year after year, her tender thoughts pursuing;

    Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken

    The bond which nature gives,

Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,

    May reach her where she lives.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,

    And anguish long suppressed,

The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,

    That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling;  
We cannot wholly stay  
By silence sanctifying, yet not concealing,  
That grief that must have way.

---

### “SHE CALLS ME.”

---

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

---

“The little boy turned for the last time, his mild, tender glance on those around and seemed to say, “Father, she calls! I go! I go!”

“Who calls thee! who! my darling boy?

What voice is in thine ear?”

He answer'd not, but murmur'd on,

In words that none might hear;

And still prolonged the whispering tone,

As if in fond reply

To some dear object of delight

That fix'd his dying eye.

And then with that confiding smile,

First by his mother taught

When freely on her breast he laid

His troubled infant thought,

And meekly as a placid flower

O'er which the dew drops weep,

He bow'd him on his painful bed,

And slept the unbroken sleep.

But if in yon immortal clime

Where flows no parting tear,

That root of earthly love may grow

Which struck so deeply here,

With what a tide of boundless bliss,

A thrill of rapture wild

An angel mother in the skies,

Will greet her cherub child.

## OUR JENNY.

---

BY A. M. E.

---

"The soul-gem had fretted through its casket."

At midnight's hour, while others slept,  
From troubled dreams we woke and wept;  
For death had o'er our threshold crept,  
    For little Jenny!

So still she lay, so very still,  
White as the snow-flake on the hill;  
We touched her cheek, it gave a chill:  
    Our darling Jenny.

Our hearts with grief were running o'er,  
For one we ceased not to deplore,  
Who went a few brief days before  
    Our little Jenny.

And now another! help us, Lord,  
By the dear promise of thy word,  
To drink this cup which thou hast poured,  
    Of grief, for Jenny.

We kissed, and laid her from our sight,  
In all her childish beauty, bright,  
Down in the grave's cold quiet night,  
    Our precious Jenny.

'Twas hard to turn to life again;  
Through everything, the ringing pain  
Came back of looking all in vain  
    For little Jenny.

Then faith with sweet assurance said,  
"Behold, the loved one is not dead."  
Up with the angels overhead,  
    Sings little Jenny.

And not alone her tiny feet  
Went upward in the golden street,  
An angel child came forth to meet,  
Our darling Jenny,

Two little sisters hand in hand,  
In his dear presence joyful stand,  
Who called them to his better land,  
Minnie and Jenny,

## THY WILL BE DONE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

When with unclouded ray,  
Shines the bright sun.  
When summer streamlets play,  
And all around is gay,  
Then shall the spirit say,  
“Thy will be done”?

No—When the flowers of love  
Fade, one by one,  
When in its blasted grove  
The shuddering heart doth rove,  
Then say, and look above,  
“Thy will be done.”

Dr. Payson, when visiting a disconsolate mother, whose darling had been taken from the evil to come, thus addressed her: "Suppose some one was making a beautiful crown, and you knew it was for you. If the maker were to come and, in order to make the crown more beautiful, were to take some of *your jewels* to put into it, should you be unhappy because they were taken for a little while, when you knew they were gone to make up your crown?"

## THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

---

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGDON.

---

There 's a beautiful home in the kingdom above,  
Where sorrow and sin never dwell;  
Where Jesus infolds in his sheltering arms  
The lambs that He loveth so well.

Beyond the dark waves of the river of death,  
In the realms of the angels it stands;  
And the dear little children are gathering there,  
With harps of bright gold in their hands.

And this is the song that the little ones sing:  
"We bless thee, our Shepherd and Guide,  
Whose blood hath redeemed us and washed us from sin,  
And brought us to dwell by Thy side."

Thou tender Redeemer, O teach us to pray,  
And every temptation to flee,  
That when from the earth thou dost call us away,  
We children may come unto thee.

Then joining the choir in the beautiful home,  
Forever and ever we 'll sing,  
"All blessing and honor, thanksgiving and praise,  
To Jesus, our Saviour and King."

---

## THE GRAVE AND GARDEN.

---

The grave and garden bring to us  
Alternate terror and delight;  
With that is seen the midnight curse,  
With this, a heaven of noonday light.

And in the garden was a tomb,\*  
The first in which Perfection lay,  
The first whose everlasting gloom  
Was chased by Resurrection's ray.

Since from its confines darkness rolled,  
When angels rolled away the stone,  
A lamp before its shrine of gold,  
With spices fed, has purely shone.

Then here we 'll bring our sacred dead,  
To sleep till time and death are o'er;  
Our loved, with whom sweet memories tread,  
All winged and bright—the solemn shore.

And here the impressive stone will teach  
The lesson dust is slow to learn,  
Though earth's continual voices preach:  
"The dust shall unto dust return."

\*John xix. 41.

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## RESIGNATION.

---

Though resignation under bereavement, or the springing of spiritual graces from its bitter road, are solemn and salutary lessons to the beholder, is it not possible to advance even higher in the school of Christ? May not a christian be able to yield, without repining, the dearest idols to Him who loved him and gave himself for him? To reveal its complacence by gifts, seems to be one of the native dialects of love. The little child presents its teacher with a fresh flower. It hastens to its mother with the first, best rose from its little garden. In its kiss to its father, with which it resigns itself to sleep, it gives away its whole heart. And shall not we give back the lent treasure, without murmuring, to the Giver of all gifts?

## THE DYING GIRL.

---

BY EVELYN O. B.

---

Farewell, dear mother! shades of night  
Are softly falling round me now;  
And Death's cold touch doth stamp a blight  
Upon my pale and throbbing brow.

I feel my strength is failing fast;  
And round my heart an icy chill  
Is gathering—it will soon be past—  
My feeble pulse is growing still.

Dear mother, kiss my cheek once more,  
And let those tears be now forborne;  
I go to seek a blissful shore  
Above, and 't is not well to mourn.

O press me, mother, to thy heart,  
And let my eyes gaze but on thee;  
I'd see thy face as I depart—  
'T is all of earth I wish to see.

List, mother! angels call away  
My spirit from this earthly sphere.  
I have a glimpse of lasting day—  
Farewell, forever! mother, dear.

---

## OUR HOUSEHOLD ANGELS.

---

BY LINA LINWOOD.

---

There were voices, but they're silent,  
Save in echoes of the past;  
There were arms that once around us  
In love's warm embrace were clasped;

There were eyes that beamed upon us  
Softly as the stars of eve;

There were curls that even sunbeams  
In their web might love to weave;

There were forms that left their footprints  
In the yard and on the floor—

Forms that passed across the threshold,  
And return again no more!

And our hearts are aching—aching  
For the footfalls on the floor,  
And our eyes are vainly watching  
For the forms that come no more.

But there is a land called heaven,  
Where 't is ever bright and fair;  
And although from earth we miss them  
Our home angels all are there.

And when round the family altar  
We are bowing low in prayer,  
Then we feel the sacred presence  
Of our household angels there.

And their voices live in echoes,  
Deep within our sacred heart;  
And at every sound familiar,  
They to fresher being start;  
And we hear a gentle footfall,  
In the night-time hushed and still;  
And we feel those warm embraces  
That do all our being thrill.

And we thank God for the footfalls,  
In the night-time, hushed and still;  
For the voices and embraces  
That do all our being thrill.

And we thank Him for the promise  
That we know is not a dream—  
We shall meet our household angels  
Just beyond death's rolling stream.

---

## THE DEAD SOLDIER.

---

BY LOUISE E. VICKROY.

---

There were bitter tears o'er the dead boy wept,  
When the battle-storm was past,  
While the sweet new moon, a smile on his face,  
Like a benediction cast.

A holy and sorrowful quiet slept  
In the twilight of his hair;  
And a beautiful tenderness hovered about  
His lips of beauty rare.

A picture, ah! surely his mother fond,  
Against his heart was pressed,  
Oh! its lofty look told the sunless price  
Of the jewels her soul possessed.

And those brave men wept, for they knew how she  
Would weep in her far off home.  
That never again to her longing ears,  
Of him, should tidings come.

They thought in that home how echoed still  
His boyhood's joyous shout,  
How his footsteps among the meadow flowers  
Had scarcely faded out.

So, brave, stern men sadly wept over him,  
And blessed him as they passed;  
And the sweet new moon, a smile on his face,  
Like a benediction cast.

## TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM RINEHART.

---

Gone before us, O our brother,  
To the spirit land!  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Who shall offer youth and beauty  
On the wasting shrine  
Of a stern and lofty duty,  
With a faith like thine.

Oh! thy gentle smile of greeting  
Who again shall see?  
Who amidst the solemn meeting  
Gaze again on thee?—  
Who, when peril gathers o'er us,  
Wears so calm a brow?  
Who, with evil men before us,  
So serene as thou?

If the spirit ever gazes  
From its journeyings back;  
If the immortal ever traces  
O'er its mortal track;  
Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us  
Sometimes on our way,  
And, in hours of sadness, greet us  
As a spirit may?

Peace be with thee, O our brother.  
In the spirit land!  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.

Unto Truth and Freedom giving  
All thy early powers,  
Be thy virtues with the living,  
And thy spirit ours.

---

## THE SNOW STORM.

---

Ainslie is shouting with pleasure,  
And clapping his hands in glee,  
As he calls mamma to the window,  
The beautiful snow to see.  
Faster and faster falling,  
The soft, white flakes come down ;  
Each tree has an ermine mantle,  
Each bush has a fairy crown.  
  
By his side stands his little sister,  
With a smile on her dimpled face,  
As she leans on her sturdy brother  
With a sweet infantile grace.  
The mother has dropped her sewing :  
With a mother's tender pride,  
She looks on the pleasant picture,  
Framed in the window wide.  
  
Ainslie, so stout and manly,  
Bessie, so wee and fair,  
With the glow on their bright young faces,  
And the gleam in their sunny hair.  
" You are glad that it snows, my darlings,  
For you are well clothed and warm ;  
But think of the poor little children,  
Who are out in the pitiless storm.

With hardly a crust for their dinner,  
They wander about the street.  
In ragged and scanty clothing,  
With never a shoe for their feet.  
“No home with its pleasant fireside,  
Its work, and its books and toys,  
To keep them from harm and temptation,  
These motherless girls and boys.

“God makes you to differ, my darlings,  
O then be kind to the poor;  
He gives you so many blessings,  
You never can count them o'er.”  
The children both eagerly listened;  
Then Bessie, with eyes full of tears,  
Turned quickly, and said to her mother,  
With the charm of her baby years:  
“Mamma, all my bright new pennies,  
Please take them and buy some food  
For the poor, little hungry children,  
Who have never learned how to be good.”  
“And mother, my cap and mittens.”  
“Cried Ainslie: “you say I have outgrown  
My last winter's boots and my jacket—  
You know they are all my own—

“Pray give them to some little orphans  
Who know not a dear mother's care.  
I'll ask the good God to bless them;  
I am sure he will hear my prayer.  
“For I cannot look out without shivering  
On the snow and the wintry storm,  
As I think of the homeless children,  
While I am so sheltered and warm.”

## “UNDER THE DAISIES.”

---

Fair Spring comes on with her fragrant breath,  
And the flowers wake from their sleep of death;  
Opening the violet’s dewy eyes.

Over the mound where our dear one lies.

Under the daisies.

Only a year ago to-day,  
Since they laid him down in the cold damp clay;  
Away from the heart strings wrung with woe—  
Away from the eyes that loved him so,

Under the daisies.

Only a year on its pinions fleet;  
But the smile has flown that made life sweet;  
The strong, firm hand, the determined brow,  
And the brave, true heart are sleeping now

Under the daisies.

Alas! for the eyes that grew so dim:  
The mother’s heart that has bled for him,  
The weary days and the watch she keeps  
Till they bring him home DEAD! Ay, he sleeps

Under the daisies.

The sunbeams rest on the lovely mound,  
And the light grass waves o'er the hallowed ground  
While the distant wavelet’s foamy crest  
Murmur a requiem as he rests

Under the daisies.

Like the tinted shell of the ocean shore,  
Our hearts sigh on for the hopes no more;  
And the lips must smile, though affection cries  
For the buried love that calmly lies

Under the daisies.

O war! with thy stern, relentless hand,  
Thou hast past along o'er our peaceful land,  
Plucking the dearest from many a hearth,  
Laying them down in the chilly earth  
Under the daisies.

Under the daisies! *he* is not there;  
His pure soul lives in our Father's care;  
But we cherish all that is left below—  
The quiet grave where daisies grow.

Praying the links of riven chain  
By our Saviour's hand may be joined again,  
And look, 'mid tears, to the home on high,  
Where redeemed souls meet, when our bodies lie  
Under the daisies.

## RIVERS—HOW THEY FLOW.

1. All rivers, small or large, agree in one character, they like to lean a little on one side. They cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under; one shingly shore to play over, where they may be shallow, and foolish, and childlike; and another steep shore, under which they can pause and purify themselves, and get their strength of wave fully together for due occasion.
2. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their life for play, and another for work; and can be brilliant,

and chattering, and transparent, when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side, when they set themselves to their main purpose. And rivers are just in this divided also, like wicked and good men: the good rivers have serviceable deep places all along their banks, that ships can sail in: but the wicked rivers go scooping irregularly under their banks, until they get full of strangling eddies, which no boat can row over without being twisted against the rocks, and pools, like wells, which no one can get out of, but the water-kelpie that lives at the bottom: but, wicked or good, the rivers all agree in having two kinds of sides.—*Ruskin.*

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## THE DYING BOY.

---

BY M. E. B.

---

“I want to be an angel,” said our darling little child,  
As on his dying couch he lay, and then most sweetly smiled,  
For his soul a vision caught of heaven’s sweet rest above;  
And he knew he soon would dwell where all was joy and love.  
We watched around his little bed as sickness paled his brow,  
And tried to ease his sufferings—but, oh, ‘twas useless now;  
Already death had placed his seal upon that forehead fair,  
And vain was all a father’s love, and all a mother’s care.  
“I want to be an angel,” but more feeble grew his breath,  
And our lovely one was sleeping the last calm sleep of death;  
Though our lonely hearts were feeling the loss none else could know,  
We thought ‘t was better far that he from us should early go.  
Yes! he ‘s now an angel, and walks in Jesus’ sight—  
“A harp within his little hand” he ‘ll “praise him day and night;”  
While never more he ‘ll feel the pains he felt while here below,  
And never more will sorrow cause one bitter tear to flow.  
Not willingly the Lord afflicts, nor grieves the sons of men.  
“T is but to wean our souls from earth and break the power of sin;  
Then let the remnant of our days be to his service given,  
Who hides our idols from us, that we may find them safe in heaven.

## GOING HOME.

---

They are going—only going—

Jesus called them long ago;

All the wintry time they 're passing

Softly as the falling snow.

When the violets in the spring-time

Catch the azure of the sky,

They are carried out to slumber

Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going—

When with summer earth is dressed,  
In their cold hands holding roses,

Folded to each silent breast;

When the autumn hangs red banners

Out above the harvest sheaves:

They are going—ever going—

Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

They are going—only going

Out of pain and into bliss:

Out of sad and sinful weakness,

Into perfect holiness.

Snowy brows, no care shall shade them;

Bright eyes tears shall never dim;

Rosy lips, no time shall fade them;

Jesus called them unto him.

Little hearts forever stainless,

Little hands as pure as they:

Little feet by angels guided.

Never a forbidden way!

They are going—ever going—

Leaving many a lonely spot;

But 't is Jesus who has called them:

"Suffer and forbid them not."

## LOVELINESS IN DEATH.

---

She slept, but not kind nature's sleep ;  
Friendship could only hope and weep.  
That hope was vain ; the vital power  
Was wasting with the passing hour.  
Her lips unclosed, she breathed no sound,  
But calmly looked on all around.  
And each in silence sweetly blest—  
Then closed her eyes and sank to rest.  
  
Gone was the life sustaining breath ;  
But oh, how beautiful was death ;  
Mortality had passed away,  
But there a sleeping angel lay.  
No voice the slumbering silence broke,  
But life in every feature spoke ;  
For death itself appeared to be  
Radiant with immortality.  
  
The countenance a glory wore,  
A loveliness unknown before ;  
So perfect, so divinely fair,  
A sainted soul seemed present there.  
On that calm face were still impressed  
The last emotions of the breast ;  
There still the parting impress lay  
Of fond affections lingering ray.  
  
And still did resignation speak,  
Serenely from the placid cheek :  
And kind benevolence was there,  
With humble faith and trusting prayer.  
Oh ! how did beauty's softest bloom—  
So uncongenial to the tomb—  
With love and piety unite,  
And sweet repose and calm delight.

If sleep there be in realms above,  
This was the sleep that angels love :  
Mortal ne'er dreamed a dream like this,  
Of perfect, pure celestial bliss :  
Loved spirit ! while thy friends remain  
On earth, we cannot meet again :  
But ah ! how blest their souls will be,  
That pass through death, like thine to thee.

---

### THREE IN HEAVEN.

---

BY F. A. C.

---

Three little heads laid low,  
With the death line on their faces,  
Three little child forms miss'd  
From their happy household places;  
Three little voices hush'd,  
Whose music was thy gladness :  
Three little hearts grown cold;  
This is thy cause for sadness.

Three little crowned heads.  
In their Father's kingdom shining;  
Three little angel forms  
Safe from all ills combining;  
Three little voices raised  
In heaven's triumphant measure—  
This is thy cause for joy—  
There is thine earth-lost treasure.

## THE BURIAL OF HOPE.

---

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

---

Lay white violets on the bed  
Where another hope lies dead:  
In those hands, whose work is done,  
Place one lily,—only one!  
Reverently the bright hair lay . . .  
From the gentle brow away;  
Shroud the face, so pale and sweet,  
In its snowy winding sheet!

O, not yet! one long look more!  
All thy bitter anguish pour  
Into that last gaze intense!  
Print those features on thy sense!  
O, they lie so still and fair  
In their calm perfection there!  
All thy gladness henceforth must  
Sleep in silence and in dust!

Bear the gentle burden forth,  
Lay it safely in the earth!  
Though thy bitter yearning be  
But to rest as dreamlessly,  
Many a task for thee is set  
In the desolate future yet!  
So spread back the broken sod,  
Then for strength look up to God!

To thy heart, which, riven in twain,  
Aches and aches with ceaseless pain,  
Take the Saviour, he will be  
More than thy lost hope to thee.

His great love—a mighty balm—  
And his everlasting calm :  
These an infinite peace will shed,  
Though thy earthly hope is dead.

---

## OUR BABY'S GRAVE.

---

BY AUGUSTA MORE.

---

Underneath no marble stone.  
In no churchyard drear ;  
Sleeps our little ransomed one,  
Baby Eva dear ;  
But beneath a garden bed,  
Peaceful lies our darling's head  
Near an orchard, large and wide,  
White with fragrant bloom,  
Made we when our baby died,  
Baby's narrow home.

Now the blossoms, white and red,  
Cover baby's garden bed.  
Waving meadows, green and fair,  
Stretching far away ;  
Pleasant odors on the air,  
Floating all the day,  
Make that grave a cheerful spot ;  
Clouds and gloom surround it not ;  
And when o'er the weary earth,  
Soft night's curtains fall.

And our living loved ones lie  
Sleeping, one and all,  
It is sweet to know that she  
Sleepeth near us peacefully,

Though so still her dimpled hands,  
    Dimpled cheeks so pale :  
Though our bud of promise proved  
    For the earth too frail,  
Near her grave no chilling breath  
    Whispers to our hearts of death.

All the songs the wild birds pour,  
    All the sweets that come  
From each odor laden flower,  
    Tell us of the home,  
Where our darling, gone before,  
    Waits for us, life's journey o'er,  
White winged child, with golden hair,  
    We all strive to meet thee there.

---

## ETERNITY.

---

Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever-present, undecaying and undying—the endless chain, compassing the life of God; the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but as the gilded sepulchres: its possessions, they are toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles.

In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Eternal splendors forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail: they are fresh from the throne. Its glories will never wane, for there is the ever-present God.

There fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,  
    And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
    Beyond the confines of the tomb,  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

## A GEM OF THOUGHT.

---

Religion is the final centre of repose,—the good to which all things tend: apart from which, man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and the stupendous scenes of nature which surround him as unmeaning as the leaves which the sybil scattered in the wind.

“T is religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
‘T is religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die;  
After death our joys will be  
Lasting as eternity.”

Solitude is a powerful aid to reflection and imagination. The higher faculties necessarily dwindle in a perpetual bustle.

If I have loved this world too well—  
My thoughts from thee and heaven have weaned,  
And made me here content to dwell,  
And on an earthly love have leaned—  
Teach me to feel how frail the stay,  
When earthly hopes and joys are flown,  
And chastening teach thy child of clay  
Calmly to say, “Thy will be done.”

Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;  
Death of the spirit infinite! divine!  
Death has no dread but what frail life imparts,  
Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves:  
No bliss has life to boast till death can give  
Far greater. Life’s a debtor to the grave.  
Dark lattice, letting in eternal day.”

“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God!”

## PLEASANT REFLECTIONS.

---

THEY loved music intensely, but *Lewie's* passion seemed strongest. Morning, noon, and night, he would beg with his pleading voice, "Papa, play flute for Lulu—papa, play flute for Lulu." His father had been absent a few days, in which time he often wished for him to "come and play for Lulu." I quieted him, telling him that when his pa came he would play; but when he came he was too busy, and the dear child had to go to bed ungratified. In the morning he again begged his father to play; and as he took down the flute, Lewie came running to me with eyes dancing with joy,—laid his head on my lap, saying, "Papa play flute for Lulu." He would not let him go until the third time he had gratified him.

'T is pleasant to think of them now, not only enjoying sweet music from angels' harps and seraphs' voices, but joining in the heavenly strain; I can but rejoice that they are so blest. They were in the habit of kneeling around me at night to say their prayers, and although Lewie could not speak plain, still he claimed a place, and tried to repeat the words of their little prayer. Often when almost asleep, he would make an effort, and the last night he spent on earth his little prayer died away on his lips as he sank into sleep's sweet embrace.

They often sang "Children of the heavenly King," and chorus: "I'm going home, I'm going home." Lewie sang the tune to almost every thing he saw, keeping time with his finger.

Farewell, my loved ones! May we be so happy as to be re-united a family circle in the city of our God, where sorrow and trials can never enter.

Oh! I could weep

With very gratitude, that thou art saved—

Thy souls forever saved. What though my heart  
Should bleed at every pore, still thou art blessed.

There is an hour, my precious innocents,  
When we shall meet again! Oh! may we meet

To separate no more.

Yes, I can smile  
And sing with gratitude—and weep with joy.  
Even while my heart is breaking.

---

"**THOU** hast lost thy child." Say rather, "thou hast parted from him." That is properly lost which is past all recovery; which we are out of hope to see any more. It is not so with this child thou mournest for; he has but gone home a little before thee; thou art following him; you two shall meet in your Father's house, and enjoy each other more happily than you could have done here below.

BISHOP HALL.

---

LET me be thankful for the pleasing hope, that though God loves my child too well to permit it to return to me, he will, ere long, bring me to it. And then that endeared paternal affection, which would have been a cord to tie me to earth, and have added new pangs to my removal from it, will be as a golden chain to draw me upwards, and add one farther charm and joy even to paradise itself. It is for no language but that of heaven to describe the sacred joy which such a meeting must occasion.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

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## A MORAVIAN FUNERAL.

---

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

---

Before the corpse walked the young men of the village, bearing instruments of music. They paused at the gate of the place of burial. Then a strain from voice and flute rose, subdued and tremulous, like the strings of the wind-harp. It seemed as if a timid, yet prevailing suppliant, sought admission to the ancient city of the dead.

The gate unclosed. As they slowly wound around the gentle ascent to the open grave, the pastor, with solemn intonation, repeated passages from the Book of God.

Thrilling beyond expression, amid the silence of the living, and the slumber of the dead, were the blessed words of our Saviour: "I am the resurrection and the life." He ceased, and all gathered around the brink of the pit. The little ones drew near, and looked downwards into its depths, sadly, but without fear. Then came a burst of music, swelling higher and higher, till it seemed no longer of earth. Methought it was the welcome in heaven to the innocent spirit—the joy of angels over a new immortal—that had never sinned. Wrapped, as it were, in that glorious melody, the little body was let down to its narrow cell. And all grief, even the parents' grief, was swallowed up in that high triumph-strain. Devotion was there, giving back what it loved to the God of love, not with tears, but with music. Faith was there, standing among flowers and restoring a bud to the Giver, that it might bloom in a garden which could never fade. All seemed to feel that in death there is victory.

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### AT ETTA'S GRAVE.

---

BY MRS. ELLIE WATSON.

---

Departed Etta; by thy grave I'm kneeling,  
Tear-drops are falling o'er thy place of rest,  
Nor will I quell these tokens of deep feeling  
That flow for thee, though I know thou art blest.

Death came when life was brightest, sweetest to thee;  
When tenderest ties were binding thy young heart;  
When thy loved friends, and those that dearest knew thee,  
Felt 'twas the hardest, hardest time to part.

We miss thee, Etta: the smile that used to greet us  
No more will shed its sunlight o'er the heart;  
No more thy step come lightly forth to meet us,  
Or sweet adieu be whispered when we part.

Thy last adieu is said; thy smile has lost its play;

Thy heart is still, that was so full of love;  
The angels came, and called thee, dear, away,  
To join their number in the realms above.

---

## THE LOST ANGEL.

---

BY CRADLE-SIDE.

---

'T is a voice from above, and it calleth in love  
For thy bleeding heart's treasure—thy innocent bird.  
And he spreads his glad wings and mounts as he sings  
With the earliest breath that the crystal air stirred.

As thou watchest his flight, lo! his pinions of light,  
All sparkling and waving in morn's early dew.  
Seem scattering far back, down his radiant track.  
Bright glory-lit gems to thy tear-bedimmed view.

Now he entereth the gate, where the angel band wait,  
And their echoing notes of glad welcome are sung.  
Lo! he catcheth the song of the numberless throng.  
And their chorus, "Hosanna," leaps forth from his tongue.

Doth affection still yearn for thy loved one's return,  
While floods of wild anguish thy bosom o'erwhelm?  
O think! thou hast given an angel to heaven.  
A jewel reset in thy Lord's diadem.

Just gone up before thee, perhaps to watch o'er thee,  
And cheer on thy heart in thy pilgrimage road,  
Sweetly drawing above thy heart's purest love,  
And planting it deep in the bosom of God.

Then bear, trusting on, till thy life work is done,  
And the golden gate opening again thou shalt see,  
On the Holy One's breast, where his folded wings rest,  
Thou 'lt find thy lost angel still waiting for thee.

## LOVE SWEETENS TOIL.

---

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,  
And thought with a nervous dread  
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more  
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.  
There are meals to be got for the men in the field,  
And the children to fix away  
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned,  
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood  
Was wet as it could be,  
And there were pudding and pies to bake—  
And a loaf of eake for tea.  
The day was hot, and her aching head  
Throbbed wearily as she said,  
“If maidens but knew what good wives know,  
They would be in no hurry to wed.”

“Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?”  
Called the farmer from the well;  
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,  
And his eye half bashfully fell:  
“It was this,” he said, and coming near,  
He smiled, and stooping down,  
Kissed her cheek—“was this: That you were the best  
And dearest wife in town.”

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,  
In a smiling and absent way,  
Sang snatches of tender little songs  
She 'd not sung for many a day;  
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes  
Were white as foam of the sea;

Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet  
And golden as it could be.

“Just think,” the children all called, in a breath,  
“Tom Wood has run off to sea!  
He would n’t, I know, if he only had  
As happy a home as we.”  
The night came down and the good wife smiled  
To herself as she softly said:  
“T is sweet to labor for those that we love;  
‘T is not strange that maids will wed.”

---

### “ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.”

---

Three pair of dimpled arms, as white as snow,  
Held me in soft embrace;  
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,  
Were placed against my face.  
Three tiny pairs of eyes, so dear, so deep,  
Looked up in mine this even;  
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet good night,  
Three little forms from heaven.  
Ah! it is well that little ones should love us,  
It lifts our faith when dim,  
To know that once our blessed Saviour bade them  
Bring little ones to him!  
And said he not; of such is heaven; and blessed them,  
And held them to his breast;  
Is it not sweet to know that when they leave us,  
‘Tis there they go to rest?  
And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,  
Three hearts incased in mine!  
How ‘twould be shattered, if the Lord should say,  
“Those angels are not thine.”

“THREE ON EARTH, AND THREE IN HEAVEN.”

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

Three on earth—their little feet  
Glance like sunbeams round the door;  
Three in heaven, whose lips repeat  
Words of blessing evermore.

Three on earth, at shut of day,  
Softly sink to cradled rest;  
Three in heaven, more blest than they,  
Slumber on the Saviour’s breast.

Three with crowns of budding flowers  
Dance the summer skies beneath;  
Three in heaven’s unfading bowers,  
Wear the glory like a wreath.

Three on earth, whose merry call  
Stirs my heart to gladness now;  
Three in heaven, whose kisses fall  
Through the silence on my brow.

Three on earth, O, day by day,  
Kneeling at the Father’s throne;  
Thus with pleading heart I pray—  
“Shepherd, make my lambs thine own!”

Three within that sweeter home  
Have no need of earthly prayer;  
There, with angel songs, they roam  
Through the pastures green and fair.

Oft I gaze with tearful eyes  
Where the church-yard daisies blow;  
Oft my prayers are only sighs,  
Yearning for my children so.

Yet I know my Shepherd's hand  
Led them home in tender love;  
Mine is sure a blessed band—  
Three on earth and three above.

---

### LOVE.

“T is sweet to do something for those that we love,  
Though the favor be ever so small.”

“The price of *perfect love* is seldom paid,  
'T is therefore seldom had; for such a treasure,  
What can man offer? Nothing but himself.  
The love of self must self forsake for her  
He loves. Her self love too must do no less,  
Each only for the other must exist,  
Finding delight in framing every means  
To render it an heavenly emulation,  
In mutual words and deeds of tenderness.  
Marriage of two *imperfect* creatures  
Makes a *perfect* one, each striving to fulfill  
The other's wish. It yet is liberty—  
Opening a heaven in themselves,  
Purer than singleness, and far less selfish—  
Sweeter! brighter! higher! like the union  
Of strength and beauty in a form divine,  
Or love and wisdom in the mind of God.  
'T is love unites what sin divides—  
The centre where all bliss resides;  
To which the soul, once brought,  
Reclining on the first Great Cause,  
From his abounding sweetness draws  
Peace passing human thought.”

ASON.

Love has often more influence than talent; the one appeals to the *reason*, the other to the affections. The one speaks to the intellect, but the other goes straight to the heart.

## WILLIE'S PROMISE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Yes, I remember very well:  
    'T is scarce one year ago,  
That Willie sat upon my knee—  
    Dear child! I loved him so,  
And I was telling him how bright  
    And beautiful was heaven,  
And how the happy children there  
    Sweet, holy joys were given.

I told him of the Saviour's love;  
    How little ones were brought  
To share his blessing, and to hear  
    The lessons that he taught,  
And that a host, by him redeemed,  
    Dwelt in that region fair,  
And throngs of childish worshippers  
    Were with the blessed there.

Ah, little one, I said, when I  
    Shall reach that happy place,  
And free from sorrow and from pain  
    Shall only sing of grace,  
I'll wait beside the pearly gates  
    To greet your coming too;  
"Perhaps I'll get there first," he said,  
    "And then I'll watch for you."

His full lips showed the rose of health,  
    His eyes were bright and clear;  
Yet ere five fleeting months were gone  
    He was no longer here.

With weary feet we slowly tread  
The path that leadeth home,  
Remembering that promise sweet,  
To watch until we come.

---

## LITTLE ISADORE.

---

BY NANNIE C. CUNNINGHAM.

---

Sweet as bird notes in the spring-time,  
When the winter's o'er,  
Was the voice of one we cherished—  
Little Isadore.

In her soul was that mild beauty  
Angels might adore,  
And she smiled so sweetly on us—  
Lovely Isadore.

But her brow grew pale and paler,  
And we saw no more  
On her cheek its blooming beauty—  
Fading Isadore.

Then she talked to us so sweetly  
Of a sun-bright shore,  
Where the angels waited for her—  
Happy Isadore.

She has gone—but o'er the river,  
On that better shore,  
By the throne of God she dwelleth—  
Angel Isadore.

## THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

---

BY MRS. HEMANS.

---

They grew in beauty side by side,  
They filled one home with glee;  
Their graves are severed far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.  
The same fond mother bent at night  
Over each fair sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight.—  
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'mid the forests of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid,—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade.  
The sea, the blue lone sea hath one,  
He lies where pearls lie deep:  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
Over his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,  
Above the noble slain:  
He wrapt his colors 'round his breast,  
On a blood-red field of Spain.  
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheer'd with song the hearth,  
Alas, for love! if thou wert all,  
And naught beyond! O, earth!

---

## RESURRECTION.

—  
A N O N .  
—

Our life, how short! a groan, a sigh;  
We live—and then begin to die;  
But oh! how great a mercy this,  
That death's a portal into bliss.

My soul! death swallows up thy fears,  
My grave-clothes wipe away all tears;  
Why should we fear this parting pain,  
Who die that we may live again.

“Christ is the resurrection and the life.”

And again the artless prattle and joyous sports of the absent one. She misses the little voice, often reminding her of her presence by saying mamma, mamma, the sweetest of all words to the mother's ear. We miss her at the table, where she was the light and joy of the whole family. We miss her, too, at eventide, when, with sweet voice, her little prayer ascended to Him who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me.” We miss her again at a later hour, when, with uplifted heart, we committed her into the care of Him that doeth all things well. *Blessed darling*, it was hard to give thee up, but the struggle is o'er, her sufferings are ended, and who can doubt that “she is better off.”

God, in his wisdom, has recalled  
The precious boon his love had given;  
And though the casket moulders here,  
The gem is sparkling now in heaven.

## THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

---

I am all alone in my chamber now,  
And the midnight hour is near;  
And the faggots' crack, and the clock's dull tick  
Are the only sounds I hear.  
And over my soul, in its solitude,  
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;  
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think  
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—  
Went home to the dear ones all—  
And softly I opened the garden gate,  
And softly the door of the hall;  
My mother came out to meet her son;  
She kissed me and then she sighed;  
And her head fell on my neck and she wept  
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,  
In the garden where he played;  
I shall miss him more by the fire side  
When the flowers are all decayed;  
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,  
And the horse he used to ride;  
And they will speak with a silent speech  
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—  
To our Father's house in the skies—  
When the hopes of our souls shall have no blight,  
Our love no broken ties;  
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,  
And bathe in the blessed tide;  
And one of the joys of our life shall be  
The little boy that died.

DR. CHALMERS,

## LIVE SUBLIMELY.

---

"Live sublimely! Lives of great men all remind us  
We may make our lives sublime."

Live sublimely! Lo! the undying.

Soaring soul of man is sighing

For the life sublime.

Quench it not—that heaven-born yearning  
For the soul-flame brightly burning.

Let the spirit climb.

Oh, to slumber, yield thee never!

Like a lion roused, forever

Battle for the right.

Fearless, earnest, doing, daring—

Toils and cares and dangers sharing,

Put God's foes to flight.

In Immanuel's cause untiring,

To the high and pure aspiring—

Make *thy* life sublime!

Then thy name shall be immortal,

Thou shalt pass the shining portal

On the verge of time.

ANON.

---

Now thou art safely past all doubt and danger,

For this now thankful 'mid our tears are we!

To all earth's ills forevermore a stranger;

From earthly stain and evil passion free.

Even while to Thee our souls are tearful clinging

And sadly grieving that away thou art,

Pure wells of consolation, upward springing,

Bear their refreshing waters on the heart.

## HARRIS.

### "HE IS NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

---

BY MRS. OSCAR TINKER.

---

The flowers he loved are now in bloom,  
Loading the air with sweet perfume:  
The birds he loved sing carols rare:  
Nature her brightest garments wear,  
The joyous, gladsome, summer's come;  
I weep for lone hearts in his home,  
That miss him—miss him everywhere:  
The best beloved one is not there.  
A month has passed since first he slept,  
A month has passed since loved ones wept:  
A month has passed since kind friends laid  
Him in a bed of damp earth made.  
How desolate the hearth he left!  
How sad the weeping ones bereft!  
Within "my Father's mansion" blest,  
By faith we see a seraph bright,  
Clothed in a garb of purest white:  
Look up! ye sad ones, kiss the rod:  
He sleepeth not beneath the sod:  
He liveth, youthful, healthful, fair,  
In heaven, and ye shall meet him there.

---

Mourn not for the child, from thy tenderness riven  
Ere stain on its purity fell,  
To thy questioning heart, an answer from heaven,  
Is it well with the child? It is well.

## YES, TAKE THEM FIRST, MY FATHER.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

Yes! take them first, my Father! Let my doves  
Fold there white wings in heaven, safe on thy breast,  
Ere I am call'd away; I dare not leave their  
Young hearts here, their innocent, thoughtless hearts.  
Ah! how the shadowy train of future ills  
Come sweeping down life's vista, as I gaze!  
My May! my careless, ardent tempered May;  
My frank and frolic child; in whose blue eyes,  
Wild joy and passionate woe alternate rise;  
Whose cheek, the mourning in her soul illumes;  
Whose little loving heart, a word, a glance,  
Can sway to grief or glee: Who leaves her play,  
And puts up her sweet mouth and dimpled arms  
Each moment for a kiss, and softly asks,  
With her clear, flute like voice, "Do you love me?"  
Ah! let me stay! ah! let me still be by,  
To answer her and meet her warm caress;  
For I away, how oft in this rough world,  
That earnest question will be asked in vain.  
How oft that eager, passionate, petted heart,  
Will shrink abash'd and chilled, to learn at length  
The hateful, withering lesson of distrust!  
Ah, let her nestle still upon my breast,  
In which each shade, that dims her darling face,  
Is left and answer'd as the lake reflects  
The clouds that cross your smiling heaven! and thou—  
My modest Ellen! tender, thoughtful, true;  
Thy soul attuned to all sweet harmonies;  
My pure, proud, noble Ellen! with thy gifts  
Of genius, grace, and loveliness, half hidden  
Neath the soft veil of innate modesty,

## THE BEAUTIFUL HAS VANISHED.

BY NELLIE L. BUTTERFIELD.

Sleep, sleep, my darling, now;  
The flowers strewn o'er thy breast,  
Or twined around thy childish brow,  
Are not more spotless, love, than thou—  
In all thy beauty rest.

First blossom of my love,  
And dear as life to me,  
Yet in the land of rest above  
Thy wings are folded now, sweet dove;  
I can not weep for thee.

Thrice blessed, sinless one,  
Thine is eternal life;  
So early hath thy race been run:  
So soon the victory been won,  
Thou hast not left the strife.

And thou art still my own,  
And, hovering near me, oft  
My spirit feels thee, gentle one;  
I wait but till my work is done,  
To join thee up aloft.

---

### SELECTION FROM MRS. HEMANS.

“ Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow,  
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose  
On cheek and lips—he touched the veins with ice,  
And the rose faded; forth from those blue eyes  
There spoke a wishful tenderness, a doubt  
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence  
Alone can wear. With ruthless haste he bound  
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids  
Forever: there had been a murmuring sound  
With which the child would claim its mother’s ear,  
Charming her even to tears.  
The spoiler set his seal of silence,  
But there beamed a smile,  
So fixed and holy, from that marble brow—  
Death gazed, and left it there;  
He dared not steal the signet-ring of heaven.”

“ Ye are at rest, and I in tears,  
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres;  
Under the poplar bows I stand,  
And mourned the broken household band.”

## A LAMENT.

BY WHITTIER.

The circle is broken—one seat is forsaken,  
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken:  
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill  
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.  
Weep! Lonely and lowly, are slumbering now  
The light of her glances, the pride of her brow,  
Weep! Sadly and long shall we listen in vain  
To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

Give our tears to the dead! For humanity's claim  
From its silence and darkness is ever the same;  
The hope of that world whose existence is bliss,  
May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.  
**For, oh!** if one glance the freed spirit can throw  
On the scene of its troubled probation below,  
Than the pride of the marble—the pomp of the dead—  
To that glance will be dearer the tears which we shed.

Oh, who can forget the mild light of her smile,  
Over lips moved with music and feeling the while  
The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like and clear,  
In the glow of its gladness—the shade of its tear.  
And the charm of her features, while over the whole  
Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of soul;  
And the tones of her voice, like the music which seems  
Murmured low in our ears by the angel of dreams.

But holier and dearer our memories hold  
Those treasures of feeling, more precious than gold,  
The love, and the kindness, and pity which gave  
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the grave.  
How true to our hearts was that beautiful sleeper!  
With smiles for the joyful, with tears for the weeper!

Yet evermore prompt, whether mournful or gay,  
With warmings in love to the passing astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow for them  
Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem:  
And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,  
And the sting of reproof was still tempered by love.  
As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,  
As a star that is lost wheu the daylight is given,  
As a glad dream of slumber which wakens in bliss,  
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.

---

## ANTICIPATION OF HEAVEN.

---

If this poor earth,  
With all its sin and woe, doth yet abound  
With loveliness and beauty, O what must be  
The beauty of that world unmarred by sin,  
Whose sun doth ever shine—whose rivers roll  
In all the beauty of their endless flow !  
The verdure of whose fields is ever green;  
Whose flowers are fadeless, and whose harps  
Are ever thrilling with the noblest songs;  
“It doth not yet appear what we shall be,”  
But still the heart will long to hail,

In that pure world,

The spirits of the blest; and with them  
Seated in the bowers of bliss,  
Look forth forever ou that lovelier world,  
While from a harp of purest mould  
Shall gush the melodies of heaven.

“ Years following years steal something every day;  
At last they steal us from ourselves away.”

## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

---

BY LONGFELLOW.

---

There is a Reaper, whose name is death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair?” he saith,  
Have nought but the bearded grain,  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise,  
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”  
The Reaper said, and smiled ;  
Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care ;  
And saints upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day ;  
‘Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

## LANGUAGE OF THE MOTHER'S HEART.

---

Dear one! how many thrilling chords awaken,  
As on the ear sweet falls thy precious name;  
Moons have passed since thou wert from us taken;  
Moons since death into our dwelling came;  
  
And still it seems as if, but briefly parted,  
Thou wouldest to us a moment hence return.  
We listen for thy voice, till weary-hearted,  
Vain expectation doth to sorrow turn.

Fondly forgetful of our sad bereaving,  
Again we think our loved one will appear;  
Ah! how this addeth to our silent grieving;  
The hours pass on, still thou art not here.

All the old places, where we saw the morning  
From early morn until the day was o'er,  
Thy step so light, thy look and tone so loving,  
Are round us, but we see thy form no more.

The little chair in which, from play reposing  
A few brief moments, thy light form reclined,  
The garments, thy pure body oft enclosing,  
The hat that bound thy dark curls from the wind,  
  
The shoes, half worn, and still the shape retaining,  
Impressed upon them by thy tiny feet;  
All these, and more, that once were thine, remaining  
To speak of thee, our daily vision meet.

There's not a single room in our dwelling  
That is not full of memories of thee;  
No spot that some sweet story is not telling,  
No object silent wheresoe'er we be.

The echo of thy voice floats round us ever,  
And oft we turn to see if thou art near:  
How sad the thought comes, thou hast passed forever—  
In the old places will no more appear.

The first dear lamb from out our flock yet taken  
By the Good Shepherd; absent one, thou art  
Ere this, no touch bade sorrow's chords awaken  
Low, mournful music in the weeping heart.

Can we not spare one for the fold in heaven,  
Without these tears that will not cease to flow?  
Ah, loved too well! such bonds may not be riven  
Painless and tearless—and we answer, No!

---

### MOTHER AND POET.

LAURA SAVIO, OF TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.

---

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea,  
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,  
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
Let none look at *me*!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;  
But *this* woman, THIS, who is agonized here,  
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head  
Forever, instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!  
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast  
With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?  
Ah, boys, how you hurt! *you* were strong as you pressed,  
And *I* proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees  
Both darlings; to feel all their arms round her throat  
Cling, strangle a little; to sew by degrees  
And broider the long clothes and neat little coat;  
To dream and to doat!

To teach them . . It stings there! *I* made them, indeed,  
Speak plain the word *country*. *I* taught them, no doubt,  
That a country 's a thing men should die for at need.

*I* prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . O my beautiful eyes! . .  
*I* exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels  
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise  
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels!  
God, how the house feels!

At first happy news came,—in gay letters, moiled  
With my kisses,—of camp-life and glory, and how  
They both loved me; and, soon coming home to be spoiled,  
In return would fan off every fly from my brow  
With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. Ancona was free!  
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,  
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me:  
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,  
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime  
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained  
To be leaned on and walked with, recalling the time  
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained  
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,  
Writ now but in one hand: I was not to faint,—  
One loved me for two,—would be with me ere long;  
And, “*Viva l’ Italia!* he died for,—our saint,—  
Who forbids our complaint.”

My Nanni would add; he was safe, and aware  
Of a presence that turned off the balls,—was impressed  
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,  
And how ’t was impossible, quite dispossessed,  
To live on for the rest.

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line  
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—*Shot.*  
*Tell his mother.* Ah, ah, “his,” “their” mother, not “mine;”  
No voice says “*My* mother” again to me. What!  
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,  
They drop earth’s affections, conceive not of woe?  
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven  
Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so  
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look’dst through the dark  
To the face of thy Mother! consider, I pray,  
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark  
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,  
And no last word to say.

Both boys dead? but that ’s out of nature. We all  
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.  
'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;  
And, when Italy ’s made, for what end is it done  
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta 's taken what then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport  
Of the fire-balls of death, crashing souls out of men?

When the guns of Cavalli, with final retort,

Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,

When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,  
When you have a country from mountain to sea,

And King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,

(And I have my dead)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,

And burn your lights faintly! *My country is there,*  
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;

My Italy's THERE, with my brave civic PAIR,

To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,

And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;  
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length

Into wail such as this; and we sit on, forlorn,

When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,

And one of them shot in the west by the sea.

Both, both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,

You want a great song for your Italy free,

Let none look at *me!*

MRS. BROWNING.

## LITTLE BOY'S POCKET.

---

Do you know what's in my pottet?  
Such a lot of treasures in it!  
Listen now while bedin it;  
Such a lot of sings it hold.  
And every sing dat's in my pottet.  
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet,  
A beauty shell—I picked it up;  
And here's the handle of a tump,  
That somebody has broke at tea:  
The shell's a hole in it, you see,  
Nobody knows that I dot it,  
I keep it safe, here in my pottet.

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,  
And here's my pennies, one, two, free,  
That Aunty Mary gave to me;  
To-morrow-day, I'll buy a spade,  
When I'm walking with the maid:  
I can't put that here in my pottet,  
But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here's some more sings in my pottet,  
Here's my lead and here's my string;  
And once I had an iron ring,  
But through a hole it lost one day,  
And this is what I always say—  
A hole's the worst sing in a pottet,  
Have it mended when you've dot it.

## RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.

When shall we meet again ?

Meet ne'er to sever ?

When will peace wreath her chain

Round us forever ?

Our hearts will ne'er repose,

Safe from each blast that blows

In this dark vale of woes—

Never—no, never !

When shall love freely flow,

Pure as life's river ?

When shall sweet friendship glow,

Changeless forever ?

Where joys celestial thrill,

Where bliss each heart shall fill

And fears of parting chill.—

Never—no, never !

Up to that world of light,

Take us, dear Savior ;

May we all there unite,

Happy forever :

Where kindred spirits dwell,

There may our music swell,

And time our joys dispel—

Never—no, never !

Soon shall we meet again—

Meet ne'er to sever ;

Soon will peace wreath her chain,

Round us forever ;

Our hearts will then repose,

Secure from worldly woes ;

Our songs of praise shall close—

Never—no, never !

## MRS. LOFTY AND I.

---

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,  
So do I;  
She has dapple grays to draw it,  
None have I;  
With my blue-eyed laughing baby  
Truddling by;  
I hide his face, lest she should see  
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,  
Mine has not;  
He could give *his* bride a palace—  
Mine a cot;  
Her's comes home beneath the starlight,  
Ne'er cares she;  
Mine comes in the purple twilight,  
Kisses me;  
And prays that he who turns life's sands  
Will hold his loved ones in his hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,  
So have I;  
She wears her's upon her bosom,  
Inside I;  
She will leave her's at death's portal,  
By-and-by;  
I shall bear my treasures with me  
When I die;  
For I have love and she has gold,  
She counts her wealth—mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station,  
None have I;  
But I've one true heart beside me,  
Glad am I;  
I'd not change it for a kingdom,  
No, not I;  
God will weigh it in his balance  
By-and-by.  
And the difference define  
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

---

### BE THOROUGH.

---

Whatsoe'er you find to do.  
Do it boys with all your might;  
Never be a *little* true,  
Or a *little* in the right,  
Trifles even  
Lead to heaven;  
Trifles make the life of man;  
So in all things,  
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no one speck their surface dim—  
Spotless truth and honor bright!  
I'd not give a fig for him  
Who says *any* lie is white!  
He who falters,  
Twists or alters  
Little atoms when we speak,  
May deceive *me*,  
But believe me,  
To *himself* he is a sneak.

—*Good Words for the Young.*

## THE LOVED AND LOST.

---

“The loved and lost!” Why do we call them lost?

Because we miss them from our onward road.

God’s unseen angel o’er our pathway crossed,

Looked on us all, and loving them the most,

Straightway relieved them from life’s weary load.

They are not lost: they are within the door

That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing,—

With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,

In the Redeemer’s presence evermore,

And God himself, their Lord, Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow

Of selfish hearts; O we of little faith!

Let us look round, some argument to borrow,

Why we in patience should await the morrow

That surely must succeed the night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary, desert path,

The thorns and thistles whereso’er we turn;

What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath.

What struggles and what strife the journey hath!

They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,

Who, with his treasure, strove the shore to reach,

While with the raging waves he battled on,

Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,

To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand

A little child, had halted by the well

To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,

And tell the tired boy of that bright land

Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell;

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,  
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain;  
Then, pitying, spake, "Give me the little lad;  
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,  
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong,  
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share?"  
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,  
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong  
To struggle since he was freed from care!

We will do likewise; Death hath made no breach  
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;  
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,  
But there's an inward, spiritual speech  
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down,—  
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;  
So journeying, till we reach the heavenly town,  
Where all laid up our treasure and our crown,  
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

---

### MY BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

Beautiful child! by thy mother's knee,  
In the golden future what wilt thou be?  
Angel or demon, or god sublime,  
Upas of evil, or flower of time;  
Dashing, flashing, madly down,  
Weaving of horror a fairy crown;  
Or, gliding on in a shining track,  
Like the kingly sun that ne'er looks back?  
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled!  
What wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child! in my garden bowers,  
Friend of the butterflies, birds, and flowers,  
Crystal and pure as the sparkling stream,  
Goodness and truth in thy features beam.

Brighter, whiter, soul than thine,  
Never was seen in a mortal shrine.

My heart thou hast gladdened two sweet years:  
With rainbows of hope suffused my tears:  
Wherever thy sunny smile doth fall,  
The glory of God beams over all.

Beautiful child! to thy look is given  
A purity less of earth than heaven,  
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue.  
I wish thou couldst ever thus be young.

Tripping, skipping, humming bird.

Everywhere thy voice is heard;  
In the garden nooks thou oft art found,  
With flowers thy bosom and neck around:  
And when at thy prayers, with figure quaint,  
Oh! how I love thee, my infant saint!

Beautiful child! what thy fate shall be  
Is wisely hidden, perchance, from me.  
A fallen star thou may'st leave my side,  
And sorrow and shame may the betide:  
Shivering, quivering, through the street.  
Wretched, down-trampled, cursed and beat;  
Ashamed to live, and afraid to die,  
No home, no friend, and a frowning sky.  
Merciful father! my brain grows wild;  
Good angels guard my beautiful child!

Beautiful child! thou may'st soar above,  
A warbling cherub of joy and love;  
A wave in eternity's mighty sea;  
A blossom on life's immortal tree;  
Flowering, towering, evermore,  
'Mid vernal airs of the golden shore,  
Oh! as I gaze on thy sinless bloom,  
And thy radiant face that laughs at gloom,  
I pray God keep thee thns undefiled;  
I pray Heaven bless my beautiful child.

W. A. H. SIGOURNEY.

---

## NAE SHOON.

---

Nae shoon to hide her tiny tae  
Nae stocking on her feet,  
Her supple ankles white snaw,  
Like early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,  
Her double, dimpled chin,  
Her puckered lips and balmy mau',  
With nae one tooth between.

Her e'en sae like her mither's e'en,  
Twa gentle liquid things;  
Her face is like an angel's face—  
We're glad she has nae wings!

She is the budding of our love,  
A giftie God has gied ns;  
We munna love the gift o'er well,  
'Twad be no blessing to us.

## HEAVENLY TREASURE.

---

BY J. G. SAXE.

---

What I spent I had;  
What I kept I lost;  
What I gave I have:—*Old Epitaph.*

Every coin of earthly treasure,  
We have lavished upon earth,  
For our simple worldly pleasure,  
May be reckoned something worth;  
For the spending was not losing;  
Tho' the purchase were but small;  
It has perished with the using;  
We have had it—that is all.

All the gold we leave behind us;  
When we turn to dust again,  
Tho' our avarice may blind us,  
We have gathered quite in vain;  
Since we neither can direct it,  
By the winds of fortune tossed,  
Not in other worlds expect it;  
What we have hoarded, we have lost.

But each *merciful oblation*;  
Seed of pity wisely sown—  
What we give in self-negation;  
We may safely call our own;  
For the treasures *freely given*,  
Is the treasure that we hoard;  
Since the angels keep in heaven,  
What is lent unto the Lord.

## RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

---

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,  
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers ;  
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,  
Where on all beauty death's fingers are laid ;  
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,  
Weary with parting and never to meet,  
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore ;  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door !  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door !

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,  
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in,  
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,  
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light,  
Weary with sowing and never to reap,  
Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep,  
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore ;  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door !  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door !

Angels were anxiously longing to meet  
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street ;  
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,—  
Free from earth's trials and taking sweet rest.  
Yes ! there is one more in angelic bliss,—  
One less to cherish and one less to kiss :  
One more departed to heaven's bright shore ;  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door !  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door !

DEXTER SMITH.

## JOYFULLY.

---

BY WM. HUNTER, D. D.

---

Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,  
Bound for the Land of bright spirits above;  
Angelic choristers sing as I come,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.  
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,  
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;  
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,  
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;  
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilly gloom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home,  
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;  
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!  
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home,

Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low,  
Strike, King of terrors, I fear not thy blow;  
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,  
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be vanished, his sceptre be gone,  
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

## MY FACTORY.

---

I live in Good Will Kingdom,  
And for twenty years or more,  
I have owned this model factory—  
Just you step inside the door.  
There are many unseen weavers,  
Busily at work within :  
There are many wheels a-going,  
But you hear no whirl or din.  
  
See the Heart-wheel in the center,  
Large and strong, and never still,  
With magnetic power moving  
All the other wheels at will,  
Love, the fairest of my weavers,  
Turns this mighty wheel, my friend.  
Weaving countless threads of beauty,  
That no human strength can rend  
  
Round this wheel, revolving swiftly,  
Watch the wheels of Hope and Joy,  
And the triple wheels of Duty,  
Busy in my life's employ.  
How the weavers cheer each other,  
And how quickly and how well,  
They obey Love's gentle orders.  
It would take me long to tell.  
  
In this high and spacious chamber,  
With my windows paned with blue,  
See the Brain-wheel, wheel of magic,  
Weaving threads of every hue.  
Thought the wisest of my weavers,  
At this wheel unwearied stands.  
Until sleep with weary fingers,  
Steals the distaff from her hands.

God upreared this noble structure—  
    'Twas a God-like gift and free—  
And he puts the wheels in motion,  
    With this solemn charge to me :  
“See you keep this building holy,  
    Fair without and fair within :  
Keep the wheels all bright and busy,  
    And your work unstained by sin.”

---

### THE CHANGED CROSS.

---

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,  
Although it knew and loved the better part,  
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,  
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me,  
My trial tests of faith and love to be,  
It seemed as if I never could be sure  
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to his might  
Who says, “We walk by faith and not by sight,”  
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,  
The thought arose, “My cross I cannot bear.”

Far heavier its weight must surely be,  
Than those of others which I daily see ;  
Oh ! if I might another burden choose,  
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around,  
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound ;  
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,  
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause,—and then a heavenly light  
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight.  
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,  
And angels' music filled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,  
One, to whom all the others bowed the knee,  
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,  
And, "Follow me," he said, "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, he led me far above,  
And there, beneath a canopy of love,  
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,  
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,—  
A little one, with jewels set in gold;  
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,  
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,  
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;  
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to *see*,  
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,  
To see if any there could ease my pain;  
But, one by one I passed them slowly by,  
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,  
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined,  
Wondering I gazed,—and still I wondered more,  
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh, that form so beautiful to see,  
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;  
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair;  
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around,  
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;  
Weeping I laid each heavy burden down,  
As my guide gently said, "No cross,—no crown."

At length to him I raised my saddened heart;  
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart;  
"Be not afraid." he said, "but trust in me;  
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,  
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet;  
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,  
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there.—in the prepared, appointed way,  
Listening to hear, and ready to obey,—  
A cross I quickly found, of plainest form,  
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,  
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,—  
The only one, of all the many there,  
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,  
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;  
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,  
I recognized *my own old cross* again.

But, oh! how different did it seem to be,  
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!  
No longer could I unbelieving say,  
"Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be,  
That he, who knows me best, should choose for me;  
And so, whate'er his love sees good to send,  
I'll trust it's best,—because he knows the end.

## CONCLUSION.

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BY THE COMPILER AND EDITOR.

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### BEREAVED ONE:

None but one who has suffered a similar bereavement can fully sympathize with you. We wonder not that in the freshness, perhaps *suddenness* of your affliction you may be tempted to deem God unjust and cruel. Hush impious murmurings! Charge not God foolishly! "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Your loved one still lives—at home with God. In the society of saints and angels. God who loves the fairest flowers, takes our loved ones, fragrant with the dew of youth, to bloom forever "in the Eden above." That *grave* is like a window in the wall of the Golden City, through which some beams of its glory and purity shine into your desolate home. Will you meet them there? Are you pure and spiritual? In this hour of anguish look into your own heart. Have you loved the *creature* more than the *Creator*? God refuses an inferior love. He demands the supreme homage of our hearts. He has untwined the tendrils of your affections from *this idol*—not to destroy them—but that they might learn to twine around himself. Was the love of your child-companion sweet? God's love is *sweeter*. Let the thought of this *infinite* and *eternal love* swallow up the thought of present calamity.

"I must have all things and abound,  
While God is God to *me*."

"Like to a bride (go) forth my book at last,  
With all thy richest jewels overcast,  
Say, if there be 'mong many gems here, one  
Deserveless of the name of Paragon,  
Blush not at all for that, since we have set  
Some pearls on queens, that have been counterfeit."



# INDEX.

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	PAGE.
Preface, . . . . .	3
To Sister Harriet, . . . . .	5
Gone, . . . . .	6
For Grace, . . . . .	7
A Gem, . . . . .	8
Gone, . . . . .	9
Going Home, . . . . .	10
Passing Away, . . . . .	10
Dirge of a Child, . . . . .	11
The Farewell to the Dead, . . . . .	13
Reminiscence, . . . . .	14
The Hour of Death, . . . . .	15
Thy Will be Done, . . . . .	16
The Mother and Her Dying Boy, . . . . .	17
Our Little Katie, . . . . .	18
The Little Coat, . . . . .	19
Shall I Know Thee in Heaven, . . . . .	20
The Lord My Helper, . . . . .	21
Comfort Under Affliction, . . . . .	22
The Early Lost, . . . . .	23
'Tis Sweet to Die, . . . . .	24
Stanza, . . . . .	25
Look Upward, . . . . .	26
Weep Not, . . . . .	26
My String of Pearls, . . . . .	27
A Mother's Faith, . . . . .	28
Funeral of a Drummer Boy, . . . . .	30
Sister Ella, . . . . .	31
Where They Rest, . . . . .	32
A Mother's Hope, . . . . .	33
Meditation, . . . . .	33

I Go to Prepare a Place For You, . . . . .	34
Family Prayer, . . . . .	35
The Good Shepherd, . . . . .	36
Sweeping Thro' the Gates, . . . . .	37
Awake to Effort, . . . . .	38
The Child in Heaven, . . . . .	40
The Picket Guard, . . . . .	41
Our Darling, . . . . .	43
Christ and the Little Ones, . . . . .	44
Here and There, . . . . .	45
Child of Sorrow, . . . . .	47
A Happy Death Scene, . . . . .	47
Joy of Heaven, . . . . .	48
Lines, . . . . .	49
I'm With Thee Still, . . . . .	50
To Mrs. Mead, . . . . .	51
Christian Submission, . . . . .	52
Carrying Away the Lambs, . . . . .	53
Thoughts of a Lonely Hour, . . . . .	54
Our Bird, . . . . .	55
Depart, Christian Soul, . . . . .	56
Burial of Two Young Sisters, . . . . .	57
Hallowed Ground, . . . . .	58
The Grave, . . . . .	59
Look Upward, . . . . .	60
The Little Drummer, . . . . .	61
Faith, . . . . .	62
Last Words, . . . . .	63
Selected for Mrs. Lazear on the Death of her Daughter, . . . . .	64
She Calls Me, . . . . .	65
Our Jenny, . . . . .	66
Thy Will Be Done, . . . . .	67
The Beautiful Home, . . . . .	68
The Grave and Garden, . . . . .	68

Resignation, . . . . .	69
The Dying Girl, . . . . .	70
Our Household Angels, . . . . .	70
The Dead Soldier, . . . . .	72
To the Memory of William Rinehart, . . . . .	73
The Snow Storm, . . . . .	74
Under the Daises, . . . . .	76
Rivers—How They Flow, . . . . .	77
The Dying Boy, . . . . .	78
Going Home, . . . . .	79
Loveliness in Death, . . . . .	80
Three in Heaven, . . . . .	81
The Burial of Hope, . . . . .	82
Our Baby's Grave, . . . . .	83
Eternity, . . . . .	84
A Gem of Thought, . . . . .	85
Pleasant Reflections, . . . . .	86
A Moravian Funeral, . . . . .	87
At Etta's Grave, . . . . .	88
The Lost Angel, . . . . .	89
Love Sweetens Toil, . . . . .	90
Angels in the House, . . . . .	91
Three on Earth, and Three in Heaven, . . . . .	92
Love, . . . . .	93
Willie's Promise, . . . . .	94
Little Isadore, . . . . .	95
The Graves of a Household, . . . . .	96
Resurrection, . . . . .	97
The Little Boy That Died, . . . . .	98
Live Sublimely, . . . . .	99
Harris, . . . . .	100
Yes, Take Them First, My Father, . . . . .	101
The Beautiful Has Vanished, . . . . .	102
Selection From Mrs. Hemans, . . . . .	103

A Lament, . . . . .	104
Anticipation of Heaven, . . . . .	105
The Reaper and the Flowers, . . . . .	106
Language of the Mother's Heart, . . . . .	107
Mother and Poet, . . . . .	108
Little Boy's Pocket, . . . . .	112
Re-union in Heaven, . . . . .	113
Mrs. Loft and I, . . . . .	114
Be Thorough, . . . . .	115
The Loved and Lost, . . . . .	116
My Beautiful Child, . . . . .	117
Nae Shoon, . . . . .	119
Heavenly Treasure, . . . . .	120
Ring the Bell Softly, . . . . .	121
Joyfully, . . . . .	122
My Factory, . . . . .	123
The Changed Cross, . . . . .	124
Conclusion, . . . . .	127



